Paradise lost.

A

POEM

IN

TEN BOOKS.

The Author

JOHN MILTON.

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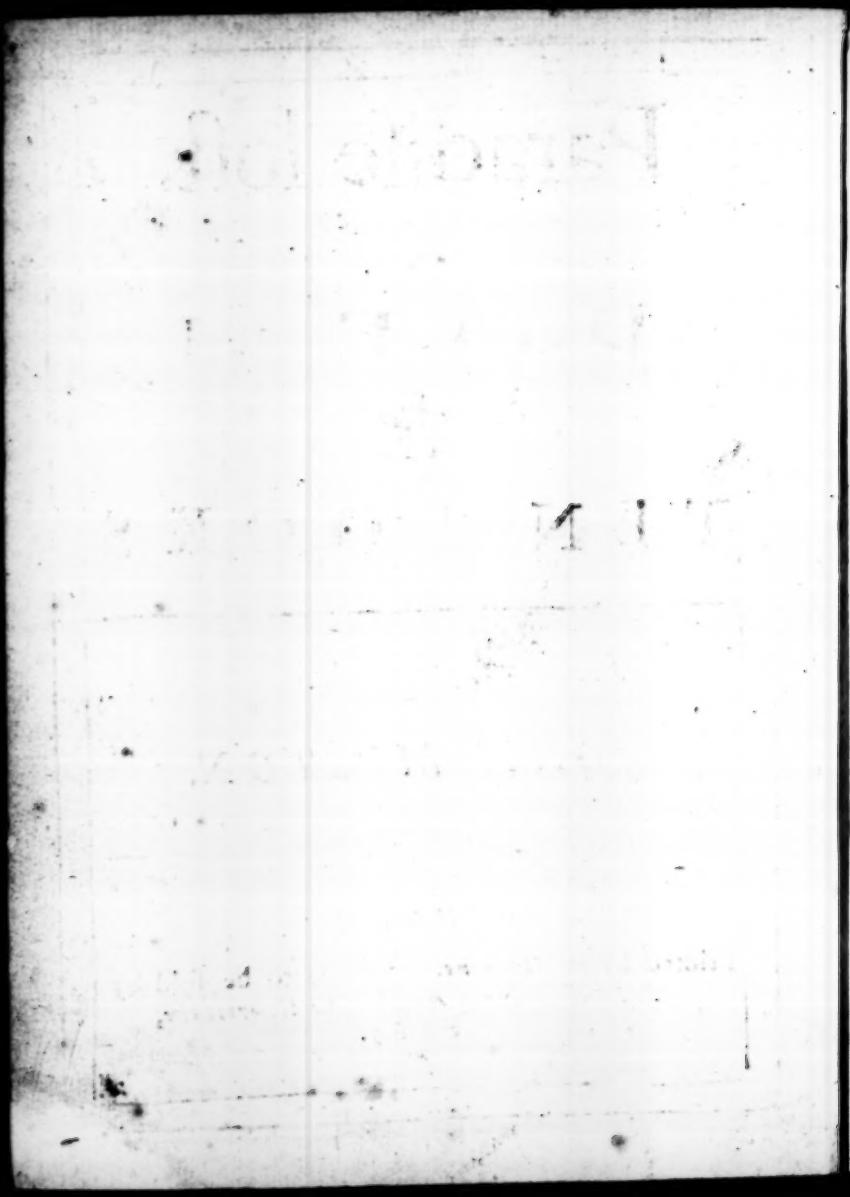

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the FIRST BOOK.

THe first Book proposes first in brief the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't:* Then touches *the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather* Satan *in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great deep.* Which action past over, the Poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting *Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell*, described here, *not in the Center* (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) *but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd* Chaos: *Here* Satan *with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunderstruck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up*

him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miſerable fall. Satan *awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the ſame manner confounded; They riſe, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir cheif Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in* Canaan *and the Countries adjoyning, to theſe* Satan *directs his ſpeech, comforts them with hopes yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them laſtly of a new World, and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Propheſie, or report in Heaven;* for that Angels were long before this viſible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. *To find out the truth of this Propheſie, and what to determine thereon he refers to a full Councel. What his Aſſociates thence attempt.* Pandemonium *the Pallace of* Satan *riſes, ſuddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there ſit in Councel.*

Of the

SECOND BOOK.

THe Conſultation begun, Satan *debates whether another Battle be to be hazzarded for the recovery of Heaven: ſome adviſe it, others diſſuade: A third propoſal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to ſearch the truth of that Propheſie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world and another kind of creature equall or not much inferiour to themſelves about this time to be created: Thir doubt who ſhould be ſent on this difficult ſearch:* Satan *their chief, undertakes alone the voyage,*

is

is honour'd and applauded. The Councelthus ended, the rest betake them several ways & to several imployments, as thir inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan *return. He passes on his journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by* Chaos, *the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.*

Of the

THIRD BOOK.

God sitting on his Throne sees Satan *flying towards this World, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at the right hand, foretells the success of* Satan *in perverting Mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did* Satan, *but by him seduc'd. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead; and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death, must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The* Son of God *freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father*

ther accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan *alights upon the bare convex of this Worlds outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds a place since call'd the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there* Uriel *the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God had plac't there, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount* Niphates.

Of the

FOURTH BOOK.

SAtan *now in prospect of* Eden, *and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despare, but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden described; Satans first sight*

ſight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy ſtate, but with reſolution to work their fall; overhears their diſcourſe, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by ſeducing them to tranſgreſs: then leaves them a while, to know further of their ſtate by ſome other means. Mean while Uriel deſcending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradiſe, that ſome evil ſpirit had eſcap'd the Deep, and paſt at Noon by his Sphere in the ſhape of a good Angel down to Paradiſe, diſcovered after by his furious geſtures in the Mount. Gabriel promiſes to find him out ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve diſcourſe of going to their reſt: their Bower deſcrib'd; their Evening worſhip. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradiſe, appoints two ſtrong Angels to Adams Bower, leaſt the evil ſpirit ſhould be there doing ſome harm to Adam or Eve ſleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom queſtion'd, he ſcornfully anſwers, prepares reſiſtance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradiſe.

Of the
FIFTH BOOK.

MOrning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troubleſome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labours: Their Morning

ing Hymn at the Door of thir Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearing describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his Lodg, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy, relates at Adams request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Of the

SIXTH BOOK.

RAphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battel against Satan and his Angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his powers retire under Night: He calls a Counsel, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder, but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelmd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had

had reserv'd the glory of that Victory: He in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist toward the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horrour and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

Of the
SEAVENTH BOOK.

RAphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six dayes: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascention into Heaven. Adam then inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to seek rather things more worthy of knowledg. Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

Of the
EIGHTH BOOK.

SAtan *having compast the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping.* Adam *and* Eve *in the Morning go forth to thir labours, which* Eve *proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart:* Adam *consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone:* Eve *loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength;* Adam *at last yields: the Serpent finds her alone, his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling* Eve *above all other Creatures.* Eve *wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to humane speech and such understanding not till now: the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both.* Eve *requires him to bring her to the Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden. The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments inducer her at length to eat, she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to* Adam *or not, resolves: bring him of the Fruit, relates what perswaded her to eat thereof:* Adam *at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her, and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit: The effects*

thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

Of the

NINTH BOOK.

Mans transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Angels to judge the Transgressors, who descends, and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their Sire up to the place of Man: to make the Way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertain'd with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to taste of the Fruit,

chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin *and* Death: *God foretells the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements.* Adam *more and more perceiving his fall'n condition, heavily bewailes, rejects the condolement of* Eve; *she persists and at length appeases him: Then to evade the Curse likely to fall on their Offspring, proposes to* Adam *violent wayes, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.*

Of the

TENTH BOOK.

THe Son *of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, and declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends* Michael *with a Band of Cherubims to dispossess them; but first to reveal to* Adam *future things:* Michaels *coming down.* Adam *shews to* Eve *certain ominous signs, he discerns* Michaels *approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure.* Eve's *Lamentation.* Adam *pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood, thence from the flood relates,*

and

and by degrees explains, who that Seed of the Woman shall be; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascention, the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and Promises, descends the Hill with Michael; *wakens* Eve, *who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission.* Michael *in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their Stations to guard the Place.*

THE

THE VERSE.

THe Meaſure is *Engliſh* Heroic Verſe without Rime, as that of *Homer* in *Greek*, and *Virgil* in *Latin*; Rime being no neceſſary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verſe, in longer Works eſpecially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to ſet off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed ſince by the uſe of ſome famous modern Poets, carried away by Cuſtom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and conſtraint to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt part worſe then elſe they would have expreſt them. Not without cauſe therefore ſome both *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both in longer and ſhorter Works, as have

have also long since our best *English* Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in *English*, of ancient liberty, recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of Riming.

ERRA-

ERRATA.

Lib. 1. Vers. 25. for *th' Eternal*, Read *Eternal*.
Lib. 1. V. 409. for *Heronaim*, r. *Horonaim*.
Lib 1. V. 758. for *and* Band r. *Band and*.
Lib. 1. V. 760. for *hundreds* r. *hunderds*.
Lib. 2. V. 414. for *we* r. *wee*
Lib. 2. V. 881. for *great* r. *grate*.
Lib. 3. V. 760. for *with* r. *in*.
Lib. 5. V. 193. for *breath* r. *breathe*.
Lib. 5. V. 598. for *whose top* r. *whose top*.
Lib. 5. V. 656. for *more Heaven* r. *more in Heaven*.
Lib. 6. V. 184. for *blessed* r. *blest*.
Lib. 2. V. 215. for *founder* r. *so under*.
Lib. 10. V. 575. for *last* r. *last*.

Other literal faults the Reader of himself may Correct.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF Mans Firſt Diſobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whoſe mortal taſt
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loſs of *Eden*, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didſt inſpire
That Shepherd, who firſt taught the choſen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion* Hill
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd
Faſt by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar

Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in Proſe or Rhime.
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that doſt prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt; Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſatſt brooding on the vaſt Abyſs
And mad'ſt it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may aſſert the Eternal Providence,
And juſtifie the wayes of God to men.
Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
Favour'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his Will
For one reſtraint, Lords of the World beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that fowl revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whoſe guile
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankinde, what time his Pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his Hoſt
Of Rebel Angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in Glory above his Peers,
He truſted to have equal'd the moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurld headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruine and combuſtion down

To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durſt defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the Space that meaſures Day and Night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay
Mixt with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The diſmal Situation waſte and wilde,
A Dungeon horrible, on all ſides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconſum'd:
Such place Eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their Priſon ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmoſt Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns, and weltring by his ſide

One next himſelf in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in *Paleſtine*, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid ſilence thus began.
If thou beeſt he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth'd with tranſcendent brightnes didſt outſhine
Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope,
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joynd with me once, now miſery hath joynd
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou ſeeſt
From what highth fal'n, ſo much the ſtronger provd
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire Arms? yet not for thoſe
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre; that fixt mind
And high diſdain, from ſence of injur'd merit,
That with the mightieſt rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
That durſt diſlike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmoſt power with adverſe power oppos'd
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
And ſhook his throne. What though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; the unconquerable Will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield:
And what is elſe not to be overcome?
That Glory never ſhall his wrath or might

Extort

Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deifie his power
Who from the terrour of this Arm ſo late
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince by Fate the ſtrength of Gods
And this Empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In Arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc't,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.
So ſpake th' Apoſtate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep deſpare:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold Compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetual King;
And put to proof his high Supremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or Chance, or Fate,
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us Heav'n, and all this mighty Hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Eſſences
Can Periſh: for the mind and ſpirit remains
Invincible, and vigour ſoon returns,
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.

But

But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, ſince no leſs
Then ſuch could hav orepow'rd ſuch force as ours)
Have left us this our ſpirit and ſtrength intire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of Warr, what e're his buſineſs be
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſht, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th'Arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miſerable
Doing or Suffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his Providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtind aim.
But ſee the angry Victor hath recall'd
His Miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, oreblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,

Wing'd

Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs Deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
The ſeat of deſolation, voyd of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves,
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there,
And reaſſembling our afflicted Powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our Enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not what reſolution from deſpare.
Thus Satan talking to his neereſt Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other Parts beſides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briarios or *Typhon*, whom the Den
By ancient *Tarſus* held, or that Sea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' Ocean ſtream:
Him haply ſlumbring on the *Norway* foam
The Pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd Skiff,
Deeming ſome Iſland, oft, as Sea-men tell,
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind

Moors

Moors by his ſide under the Lee, while Night
Inveſts the Sea, and wiſhed Morn delayes:
So ſtretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhewn
On Man by him ſeduc't, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
Drivn backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, & rowld
In billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid Vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſtears his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a Hill
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thundring *Ætna*, whoſe combuſtible
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoak: Such reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet. Him followed his next Mate,

Both

Both glorying to have ſcap't the *Stygian* flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal Power.
Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the loſt Arch Angel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celeſtial light? Be it ſo, ſince hee
Who now is Sovran can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fardeſt from him is beſt
Whom reaſon hath equald, force hath made ſupream
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrours, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundeſt Hell
Receive thy new Poſſeſſor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it ſelf
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs then hee
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then ſerve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs
Lye thus aſtoniſht on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy Manſion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
Regaind in Heav'n, or what more loſt in Hell?

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*
Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,
If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lye
Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.
He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views
At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,
Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to support uneasie steps
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks

In

In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades
High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves ore-threw
Busiris and his *Memphian* Chivalrie,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating Carkases
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriers, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can sieze
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toyl of Battel to repose
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypts* evill day
Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,
That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Thir course, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
Their great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on Thrones;
Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,

By

By falſities and lyes the greateſt part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of him, that made them, to transform
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various Names,
And various Idols through the Heathen World.
Say, Muſe, their Names then known, who firſt, who
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery Couch, (laſt,
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof?
The chief were thoſe who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his Sanctuary it ſelf their Shrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy Rites, and ſolemn Feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt *Moloch*, horrid King beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noyſe of Drums and Timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſt through fire
To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*
Worſhipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,
In *Argob* and in *Baſan*, to the ſtream

Of

Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
His Temple right against the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence
And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.
Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons,
From *Aroer* to *Nebo*, and the wild
Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
And *Horonaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond
The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,
And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove
Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who from the bordring flood
Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general Names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aerie purposes,

And

And works of love or enmity fulfill.
For thoſe the Race of *Iſrael* oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in Battel, ſunk before the Spear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came *Aſtoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Aſtarte, Queen of Heav'n, with creſcent Horns;
To whoſe bright Image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In *Sion* alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her Temple on th' offenſive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whoſe heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatreſſes, fell
To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* Damſels to lament his fate
In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
While ſmooth *Adonis* from his native Rock
Ran purple to the Sea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale
Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred Porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the Viſion led
His eye ſurvay'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the Captive Ark
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his Worſhipers:
Dagon his Name, Sea Monſter, upward Man.

And

And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil Banks
Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
Gods Altar to disparage and displace
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
His odious offrings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd
A crew who under Names of old Renown,
Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek
Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather then human. Nor did *Israel* scape
Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King
Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd
From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft then hee
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest

With

Turns Atheist, as did *Eli's* Sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God.
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse
Of riot ascends above their loftiest Towrs,
And injury and outrage: And when Night
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night
In *Gibeah*, when hospitable Dores
Yielded their Matrons to prevent worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javans* Issue held
Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth
Their boasted Parents; *Titan* Heav'ns first born
With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*
His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Creet*
And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air
Their highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,
Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,
And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimps of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast

Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:
At which the universal Host upsent
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
With Orient Colours waving: with them rose
A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper Hero's old
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain

From

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
Their painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful length and dazling Arms, in guise
Of Warriers old with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose: He through the armed Files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of Gods,
Their number last he summs. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
Glories: For never since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more then that small infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd
That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son
Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,
Damasco, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,
Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowes, yet observ'd
Their dread Commander: he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent

Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th excess
Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
Above them all th Arch Angel: but his face
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Match-

Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat.
For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custome, and his Regal State
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New warr, provok't; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:

Thither,

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abysse
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaird,
For who can think Submission? Warr then, Warr
Open or understood must be resolv'd.
He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arm's
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.
There stood a Hill not far whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or cast a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks & thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands

Rifl'd

Riff'd the bowels of thir mother Earth
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude
With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore,
Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boyling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an Organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babilon*,
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence

Equal'd

Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
Belus or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat
Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove
In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the doores
Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle Magic many a row
Of Starry lamps and blazing Cressets fed
With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
Where Sceptr'd Angels held thir residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchie, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* land
Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægæan* Ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he
By all his Engins, but was headlong sent (scape
With

With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
Mean while the winged Haralds by command
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony
And Trumpets sound throughout the Host pro-claim
A solemn Councel forthwith to be held
At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital
Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd
From every and Band squared Regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was thronged, the Gates
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair
Defi'd the best of *Paynim* chivalry
To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brusht with the hiss of russling wings. As Bees
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,
New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and confer
Their State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side

Or Fountain ſome belated Peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees, while over head the Moon
Sits Arbitreſs, and neerer to the Earth
Wheels her pale courſe, they on thir mirth & dance
Intent, with jocond Muſic charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd thir ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without number ſtill amidſt the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within
And in thir own dimenſions like themſelves
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat
A thouſand Demy-Gods on golden ſeat's,
Frequent and full. After ſhort ſilence then
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

The End of the First Book.

PARA-

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIgh on a Throne of Royal State, which far
Outſhon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl & Gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by ſucceſs untaught
His proud imaginations thus diſplaid.
Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppreſt and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial vertues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate:

Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,
Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more
Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne,
Yeilded with full content. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
More then can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper then prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
Whether of open Warr or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
He ceas'd; and next him *Moloc*, Scepter'd King
Stood up; the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather then be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,

He

He reckd not, and theſe words thereafter ſpake.
My ſentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in Arms, and longing wait
The Signal to aſcend, ſit lingring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of ſhame,
The Priſon of his Tyranny who Reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather chooſe
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Againſt the Torturer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his Almighty Engin he ſhall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning ſee
Black fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it ſelf
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented Torments. But perhaps
The way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.
Let ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetful Lake benumme not ſtill,
That in our proper motion we aſcend
Up to our native ſeat: deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
Inſulting, and purſu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſie then;

Th'

Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-
In this abhorred deep to utter woe; (demn'd
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing houre
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus
We should be quite abolisht and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier farr
Then miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seemd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt Counſels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and ſlothful: yet he pleas'd the eare,
And with perſwaſive accent thus began.
I ſhould be much for open Warr, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſwade immediate Warr,
Did not diſſwade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs:
When he who moſt excels in fact of Arms,
In what he counſels and in what excels
Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd
With Armed watch, that render all acceſs
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp thir Legions, or with obſcure wing
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
Scorning ſurprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell ſhould riſe
With blackeſt Inſurrection, to confound
Heav'ns pureſt Light, yet our great Enemie
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould
Incapable of ſtain would ſoon expel
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat deſpair: we muſt exaſperate
Th' Almighty Victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us, that muſt be our cure,

To

To be no more; ſad cure; for who would looſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through Eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallowd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies their wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? wherefore ceaſe we then?
Say they who counſel Warr, we are decreed,
Reſerv'd and deſtin'd to Eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtrook
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and beſought
The Deep to ſhelter us? this Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that ſure was worſe.
What if the Breath that kindl'd thoſe grim fires
Awak'd ſhould blow them into ſevenfold rage
And plunge us in the Flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were op'n'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell ſhould ſpout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall

One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Deſigning or exhorting glorious Warr,
Caught in a fierie Tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfixt, the ſport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever ſunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
Ages of hopeleſs end; this would be worſe.
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſwades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'ns highth
All theſe our motions vain, ſees and derides;
Not more Almighty to reſiſt our might
Then wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus trampl'd, thus expell'd to ſuffer here
Chains & theſe Torments? better theſe then worſe
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,
The Victors will. To ſuffer, as to doe,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the Law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: this was at firſt reſolv'd,
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when thoſe who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, ſhrink and fear
What yet they know muſt follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of thir Conquerour: This is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,

Our Supream Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfi'd
With what is puniſh't; whence theſe raging fires
Will ſlack'n, if his breath ſtir not thir flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow milde, this darkneſs light,
Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, ſince our preſent lot appeers
For happy though but ill, for ill not worſt,
If we procure not to our ſelves more woe.
Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reaſons garb
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloath,
Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* ſpake.
Either to diſinthrone the King of Heav'n
We warr, if warr be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yeild
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the ſtrife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'ns bound, unleſs Heav'ns Lord ſu-
We overpower? Suppoſe he ſhould relent (pream
And publiſh Grace to all, on promiſe made.
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his preſence humble, and receive
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne

With

With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
Forc't Halleluiah's; while he Lordly ſits
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes
Ambroſial Odours and Ambroſial Flowers,
Our ſervile offerings. This muſt be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how weariſom
Eternity ſo ſpent in worſhip paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then purſue
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage, but rather ſeek
Our own good from our ſelves, and from our own
Live to our ſelves, though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the eaſie yoke
Of ſervile Pomp. Our greatneſs will appear
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,
Uſeful of hurtful, proſperous of adverſe
We can create, and in what place ſo e're
Thrive under evil, and work eaſe out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
Chooſe to reſide, his Glory unobſcur'd,
And with the Majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring thir rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our Darkneſs, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This Deſart ſoile
Wants not her hidden luſtre, Gemms and Gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n ſhew more?

Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our Elements, theſe piercing Fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful Counſels, and the ſettl'd State
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of Warr: ye have what I adviſe.
He ſcarce had finiſht, when ſuch murmur filld
Th' Aſſembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The ſound of bluſtring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whoſe Bark by chance
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempeſt: Such applauſe was heard
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace: for ſuch another Field
They dreaded worſe then Hell: ſo much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether Empire, which might riſe
By pollicy, and long proceſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to Heav'n.
Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,
Satan except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpect he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation ſat and publick care;
And Princely counſel in his face yet ſhon,
Majeſtick though in ruin: ſage he ſtood

With

With *Atlantean* ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt Monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as Night
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.
Thrones and imperial Powers, off-ſpring of heav'n,
Ethereal Vertues; or theſe Titles now
Muſt we renounce, and changing ſtile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing Empire; doubtleſs; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'ns high jurisdiction, in new League
Banded againſt his Throne, but to remaine
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: For he, be ſure,
In highth or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will Reign
Sole King, and of his Kingdom looſe no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
Us here, as with his Golden thoſe in Heav'n.
What ſit we then projecting Peace and Warr?
Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loſs
Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none
Voutſaf't or ſought; for what peace will be giv'n
To us enſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though ſlow,

Yet

Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoyce
In doing what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or Siege,
Or ambuſh from the Deep. What if we find
Some eaſier enterprize? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy ſeat
Of ſom new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That ſhook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or ſubſtance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
And where thir weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
By force or ſuttlety: Though Heav'n be ſhut,
And Heav'ns high Arbitrator ſit ſecure
In his own ſtrength, this place may lye expos'd
The utmoſt border of his Kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Som advantagious act may be achiev'd
By ſudden onſet, either with Hell fire
To waſte his whole Creation, or poſſeſs
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
The punie habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand

Abo-

Aboliſh his own works. This would ſurpaſs
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our Confuſion, and our Joy upraiſe
In his diſturbance; when his darling Sons
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe
Thir frail Originals, and faded bliſs,
Faded ſo ſoon. Adviſe if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*
Pleaded his deviliſh Counſel, firſt devis'd
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the Author of all ill could Spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creatour? But thir ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal States, and joy
Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd; which from the loweſt deep
Will once more lift us up, in ſpight of Fate,
Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
And opportune excurſion we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or elſe in ſome milde Zone
Dwell not unviſited of Heav'ns fair Light
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the ſoft delicious Air,
To heal the ſcarr of theſe corroſive Fires

Shall

Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world, whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies,
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspence, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; & each
In others count'nance red his own dismay
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be
So hardie as to proffer or accept (found
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demurr
Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;

Our

Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These past, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into what ever world,
Or unknown Region, what remains him less
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught pro-
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape (pos'd
Of difficulty or danger could deterre
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honourd sits? Go therfore mighty powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tollerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize

None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard;
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure then his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
Thir rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread
Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree

Of

Of Creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and levie cruel warres,
Waſting the Earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes anow beſides,
That day and night for his deſtruction waite.
The *Stygian* Councel thus diſſolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers,
Midſt came thir mighty Paramount, and ſeemd
Alone th' Antagoniſt of Heav'n, nor leſs
Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream,
And God-like imitated State; him round
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.
Then of thir Seſſion ended they bid cry
With Trumpets regal ſound the great reſult:
Toward the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubim
Put to thir mouths the ſounding Alchymie
By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyſs
Heard farr and wide, and all the hoſt of Hell
With deafning ſhout, return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at eaſe thir minds and ſomwhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Diſband, and wandring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplext, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the Plain, or in the Air ſublime
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,

As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;
Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears
Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vast *Typhœan* rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.
As when *Alcides* from *Oealia* Crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* Pines,
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw
Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more milde,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes Angelical to many a Harp
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Thir song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.

Of

Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:
Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
Might yeild them easier habitation, bend
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;
Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,
Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce *Phlegeton*
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion roules
Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,

Where

Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so neer the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
The Ford, and of it self the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,
A Universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,

Abomi-

Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.
Mean while the Adverſary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of higheſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
Explores his ſolitary flight; ſom times
He ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſom times the left,
Now ſhaves with level wing the Deep, then ſoares
Up to the fiery concave touring high.
As when farr off at Sea a Fleet deſcri'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds
Cloſe ſailing from *Bengala*, or the Iles
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
Thir ſpicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
Ply ſtemming nightly toward the Pole. So ſeem'd
Farr off the flying Fiend: at laſt appeer
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock, (Braſs,
Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the Gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd Woman to the waſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fould
Voluminous and vaſt, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide *Cerberean* mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal: yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If aught diſturb'd thir noyſe, into her woomb,

And

And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these
Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the Air she comes
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on,
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The Monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.
To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,

Who

Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Sons
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grisly terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew ten fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incenc't with indignation *Satan* stood
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;
For never but once more was either like

To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.
She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd:
So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable then him and thee.
T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deemd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm

In

In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All the Host of Heav'n; back they recoild afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a Sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while War arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n, wherein remaind
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down
Into this Deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful Key
Into thy hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemie

Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart,
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*:
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd
From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.
I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,
Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismaid,
And in embraces forcible and foule
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me, for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrours vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore
Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,

And

And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire
Befallin us unforeseen, unthought of, know (change
I come no enemie, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense
To search with wandring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinnd horrible a gastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

The

The key of this infernal Pit by due,
And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These Adamantine Gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compast round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,
Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or solid Rock with ease
Unfast'ns: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoile and jarring sound
Th' infernal dores, and on their hinges grate

Harsh

Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of *Erebus*. She op'ned, but to shut
Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,
That with extended wings a Banner'd Host
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound, (hight,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise
Of endless warrs, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
Their embryon Atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several Clans,
Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroiles the fray
By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt

Con-

Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more Worlds,
Into this wilde Abyss the warie fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,
With all her battering Engines bent to raze
Som Capital City, or less then if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
In mutinie had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuitie: all unawares
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stelth

Had

Had from his wakeful custody purloind
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flyes:
At length a universal hubbub wilde
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there what ever power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes
Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne
Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd
Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his Reign; and by them stood
Orcus and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
Of *Demogorgon*; Rumor next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and *ancient Night*, I come no Spie,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
Wandring this darksome desart, as my way
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomie
Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place (bounds

From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
Poſſeſſes lately, thether to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my courſe;
Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that Region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkneſs and your ſway
(Which is my preſent journey) and once more
Erect the Standerd there of *ancient Night*;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head againſt Heav'ns King, though overthrown.
I ſaw and heard, for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heav'n Gates
Pourd out by millions her victorious Bands
Purſuing. I upon my Frontieres here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve,
That little which is left ſo to defend
Encroacht on ſtill through our inteſtine broiles
Weakning the Scepter of old Night: firſt Hell
Your dungeon ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
To that ſide Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not farr;
So much the neerer danger; goe and ſpeed;
Havock and ſpoil and ruin are my gain.

He

He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply,
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacritie and force renew'd
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, then when *Argo* pass'd
Through *Bosporus* betwixt the justling Rocks:
Or when *Ulysses* on the Larboard shunnd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steard.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty, and labour hee;
But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
With easie intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her fardest verge, and *Chaos* to retire
As from her outmost works a brok'n foe
With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease

Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
And like a weather-beaten Veſſel holds
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling Air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leaſure to behold
Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermind ſquare or round,
With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat;
And faſt by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bigneſs as a Starr
Of ſmalleſt Magnitude cloſe by the Moon.
Thither full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurſt, and in a curſed hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book.

PARA-

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

HAil holy light, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright eſſluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure Ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe Fountain who ſhall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I re-viſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap't the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne
With

With other notes then to th' *Orphean* Lyre
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,
And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful waies of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc

Of

Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdome at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou Celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his Glory sat,
His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the onely two
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.
Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage

Transports

Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperat revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created World,
And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By som false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For man will hearkn to his glozing lyes,
And easily transgress the sole Command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall
Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,
Not what they would? what praise could they re-
What pleasure I from such obedience paid, (ceive?
When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoild,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessitie,
Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse

Thir

Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate;
As if Predeſtination over-rul'd
Thir will, diſpos'd by abſolute Decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed
Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow of Fate,
Or aught by me immutablie foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, Authors to themſelves in all
Both what they judge and what they chooſe; for ſo
I formd them free, and free they muſt remain,
Till they enthrall themſelves: I elſe muſt change
Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
Thir freedom, they themſelves ordain'd thir fall.
The firſt ſort by thir own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd
By the other firſt: Man therefore ſhall find grace,
The other none: in Mercy and Juſtice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, ſo ſhall my glorie excel,
But Mercy firſt and laſt ſhall brighteſt ſhine.
Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed Spirits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious, in him all his Father ſhon
Subſtantially expreſs'd, and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appeerd,
Love without end, and without meaſure Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father ſpake.
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd

Thy ſovran ſentence, that Man ſhould find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth ſhall high extoll
Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
Of Hymns and ſacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
Encompaſs'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.
For ſhould Man finally be loſt, ſhould Man
Thy creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt Son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt onely right.
Or ſhall the Adverſarie thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine, ſhall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accompliſh't and to Hell
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy ſelf
Aboliſh thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glorie thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs and thy greatneſs both
Be queſtiond and blaſpheam'd without defence.
To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, Son who art alone
My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpok'n as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpoſe hath decreed:
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutſaft; once more I will renew
His lapſed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd

By

By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace
Elect above the reſt; ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear me call, and oft be warnd
Thir ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th'incenſed Deitie, while offerd grace
Invites; for I will cleer thir ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoft'n ſtonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endevord with ſincere intent,
Mine eare ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My Umpire *Conſcience*, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not don; Man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealtie, and ſinns
Againſt the high Supremacie of Heav'n,
Affecting God-head, and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his Treaſon hath naught left,
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote,

He with his whole poſteritie muſt die,
Die hee, or Juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Som other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say Heav'nly Powers, where ſhall we find ſuch love,
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and juſt, th' unjuſt to ſave,
Dwels in all Heaven charitie ſo deare?
He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf
Patron or Interceſſor none appeerd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have bin loſt, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwels of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renewd.
Father, thy word is paſt, man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought,
Happie for man, ſo coming; he her aide
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins, and loſt;
Attonement for himſelf or offering meet,
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
Account mee man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glorie next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die

Well

Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomie power I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſht; thou haſt givn me to poſſeſs
Life in my ſelf for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſom grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted Soule
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe Victorious, and ſubdue
My Vanquiſher, ſpoild of his vanted ſpoile;
Death, his deaths wound ſhall then receive, & ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortall ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and ſhow
The powers of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd, I ruin all my Foes,
Death laſt, and with his Carcaſs glut the Grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeemd
Shall enter Heaven long abſent, and returne,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd,
And reconcilement; wrauth ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence Joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhon
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeis'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend
won-

Wondring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd:
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear,
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt
Though laſt created, that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By looſing thee a while, the whole Race loſt.
Thou therefore whom thou only canſt redeeme,
Thir Nature alſo to thy Nature joyne;
And be thy ſelf Man among men on Earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of Virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adams* room
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee
As from a ſecond root ſhall be reſtor'd,
As many as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying riſe, and riſing with him, raiſe
His Brethren, ranſomd with his own dear life.
So Heav'nly love ſhal outdoo Helliſh hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
So dearly to redeem what Helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroyes
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor ſhalt thou by deſcending to aſſume
Mans Nature, leſs'n or degrade thine owne.

Becauſe

Becauſe thou haſt, though Thron'd in higheſt bliſs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to ſave
A World from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo, by being Good,
Farr more then Great or High; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
Therefore thy Humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy Manhood alſo to this Throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt Reigne
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed univerſal King; all Power
I give thee, reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
When thou attended glorioufly from Heav'n
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt Ages to the general Doom
Shall haſt'n, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe thir ſleep.
Then all thy Saints aſſembl'd, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and Angels, they arraigned ſhall ſink
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The World ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell
And after all their tribulations long

See

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
Then thou thy regal Scepter ſhalt lay by,
For regal Scepter then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.
No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
The multitude of Angels with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hoſanna's fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradiſe, faſt by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but ſoon for mans offence
To Heav'n remov'd where firſt it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft ſhading the Fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliſs through midſt of Heavn
Rowls o're *Eliſian* Flours her Amber ſtream;
With theſe that never fade the Spirits Elect
Bind thir reſplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in looſe Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jaſper ſhon
Impurpl'd with Celeſtial Roſes ſmil'd.
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphonie they introduce

Their

Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.
Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee
Impress't the effulgence of his Glorie abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,

Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome
So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:
No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,
He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat
Second to thee, offerd himself to die
For mans offence. O unexampl'd love,
Love no where to be found less then Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
Shall be the copious matter of my Song
Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
Of this round World, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd
From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
Of *Chaos* blustring round, inclement skie;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
Though distant farr som small reflection gaines
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,

Dis-

Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plaines
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or livelesse to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had filld the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life;
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here, (dreamd;
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have
Those argent Fields more likely habitants,
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
First from the ancient World those Giants came

With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain
Of *Sennaar*, and ſtill with vain deſigne
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:
Others came ſingle; hee who to be deemd
A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryo's and Idiots, Eremits and Friers
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
Here Pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo farr to ſeek
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
And they who to be ſure of Paradiſe
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,
Or in *Franciſcan* think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the Planets ſeven, and paſs the fixt,
And that Cryſtalline Sphear whoſe ballance weighs
The Trepidation talkt, and that firſt mov'd;
And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket ſeems
To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'ns aſcent they lift thir Feet, when loe
A violent croſs wind from either Coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe ten thouſand Leagues awry
Into the devious Air; then might ye ſee
Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers toſt
And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,
Indulgences, Diſpenſes, Pardons, Bulls,
The ſport of Winds: all theſe upwhirld aloft
Fly o're the backſide of the World farr off
Into a *Limbo* large and broad, ſince call'd
The Paradiſe of Fools, to few unknown

Long

Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame
Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste
His travell'd steps; farr distant hee deseries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.
The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.
Each Stair mysteriously was meant, (nor stood
There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon
Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,
Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of Bliss.
Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,

Wider

Wider by farr then that of after-times
Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood
To *Beersaba*, where the *Holy Land*
Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* shoare;
So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone
All night; at last by break of chearful dawne
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some forein land
First seen, or some renownd Metropolis
With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adornd,
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling Canopie
Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears
Andromeda farr off *Atlantick* Seas
Beyond th' *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole

He

He views in bredth, and without longer pauſe
Down right into the Worlds firſt Region throws
His flight precipitant, and windes with eaſe
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
Amongſt innumerable Starrs, that ſhon
Stars diſtant, but nigh hand ſeemd other Worlds,
Or other Worlds they ſeemd, or happy Iles,
Like thoſe *Heſperian* Gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there
He ſtayd not to enquire: above them all
The golden Sun in ſplendor likeſt Heaven
Allur'd his eye: Thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
Alooff the vulgar Conſtellations thick,
That from his Lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes Light from farr; they as they move
Their Starry dance in numbers that compute (Lamp
Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turnd
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Univers, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,
Shoots inviſible vertue even to the deep:
So wondrouſly was ſet his Station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
Aſtronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe
Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never ſaw.
The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;

Not

Not all parts like, but all alike informd
Which radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
If mettal, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
In *Aarons* Brest-plate, and a stone besides
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote
Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
Culminate from th' *Æquator*, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun:
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;

Of

Of beaming ſunnie Raies, a golden tiar
Circl'd his Head, nor leſs his Locks behind
Illuſtrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on ſom great charge imploy'd
Hee ſeemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradiſe the happie ſeat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
Which elſe might work him danger or delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherube he appeers,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd Celeſtial, and to every Limb
Sutable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feignd;
Under a Coronet his flowing haire
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
Of many a colourd plume ſprinkl'd with Gold,
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a Silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turnd,
Admoniſht by his eare, and ſtrait was known
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the ſeav'n
Who in Gods preſence, neereſt to his Throne
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' (Earth
Bear his ſwift errands over moiſt and dry,
O're Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accoſtes;
Uriel, for thou of thoſe ſeav'n Spirits that ſtand
In ſight of God's high Throne, gloriouſly bright,
The firſt art wont his great authentic will

Interpreter through higheſt Heav'n to bring,
Where all his Sons thy Embaſſie attend;
And here art likelieſt by ſupream decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye
To viſit oft this new Creation round;
Unſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
All theſe his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All theſe his works ſo wondrous he ordaind,
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brighteſt Seraph tell
In which of all theſe ſhining Orbes hath Man
His fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
But all theſe ſhining Orbes his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with ſecret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath beſtowd
Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces powrd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Univerſal Maker we may praiſe;
Who juſtly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes
To deepeſt Hell, and to repair that loſs
Created this new happie Race of Men
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his wayes.
So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceivd;
For neither Man nor Angel can diſcern
Hypocriſie, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdoms Gate, and to ſimplicitie
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill

Where

Where no ill ſeems: Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held
The ſharpeſt ſighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent Impoſtor foule
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus returnd.
Faire Angel, thy deſire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie
The great Work-Maiſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy Empyreal Manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Thir number, or the wiſdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid thir cauſes deep.
I ſaw when at his Word the formleſs Maſs,
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhon, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to thir ſeveral Quarters haſted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
And this Ethereal quinteſſence of Heav'n
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe,

The reſt in circuit walles this Univerſe.
Look downward on that Globe whoſe hither ſide
With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;
That place is Earth the ſeat of Man, that light
His day, which elſe as th' other Hemiſphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring
(So call that oppoſite fair Starr) her aide (Moon
Timely interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing, through mid Heav'n;
With borrowd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot to which I point is *Paradiſe*,
Adams abode, thoſe loftie ſhades his Bowre.
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.
Thus ſaid, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,
As to ſuperior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coaſt of Earth beneath,
Down from th' Ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight with many an Aerie wheele,
Nor ſtaid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

PARA-

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O For that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woto the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our firſt Parents had bin warnd
The coming of thir ſecret foe, and ſcap'd
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare; for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The Tempter ere th' Accuſer of man-kind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoycing in his ſpeed, though bold,
Far off and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous breſt,
And like a devilliſh Engine back recoiles

Upon

Upon himſelf; horror and doubt diſtract
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom ſtirr
The Hell within him, for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One ſtep no more then from himſelf can fly
By change of place: Now conſcience wakes deſpair
That ſlumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be
Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue.
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his grievd look he fixes ſad, (Sun,
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing
Which now ſat high in his Meridian Towre:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.
O thou that with ſurpaſſing Glory crownd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whoſe ſight all the Starrs
Hide thir diminiſht heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
Till Pride and worſe Ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'ns matchleſs King:
Ah wherefore! he deſervd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs then to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high

I ſdeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burthenſome, ſtill paying, ſtill to ow;
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receivd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſchargd; what burden then?
O had his powerful Deſtiny ordaind
Me ſome inferiour Angel, I had ſtood
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſom other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhak'n, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free Will and Power to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what to ac-
But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all? (cuſe,
Be then his Love accurſt, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite deſpaire?
Which way I flie is Hell; my ſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heav'n.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word

Diſdain

Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Then to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,
Under what torments inwardly I groane;
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd
The lower still I fall, onely Supream
In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.
But say I could repent and could obtaine
By Act of Grace my former state; how soon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow (deep:
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as farr
From granting hee, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World.
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,
Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.

Thus

Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and deſpair,
Which marrd his borrow'd viſage, and betraid
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly mindes from ſuch diſtempers foule
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calme,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practisd falſhood under ſaintly ſhew,
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:
Yet not anough had practisd to deceive
Uriel once warnd; whoſe eye purſu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' *Aſſyrian* mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
Spirit of happie ſort: his geſtures fierce
He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, Crowns with her encloſure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairie ſides
With thicket overgrown, grotteſque and wilde,
Acceſs deni'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable highth of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woodie Theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher then thir tops
The verdurous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general Sire gave proſpect large
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.

And higher then that Wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt Trees loaden with faireſt Fruit,
Bloſſoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:
On which the Sun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath ſhowrd the earth; ſo lovely ſeemd
That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning thir odoriferous wings diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmie ſpoiles. As when to them who ſaile
Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at Sea North-Eaſt windes blow
Sabean Odours from the ſpicie ſhoare
Of *Arabie* the bleſt, with ſuch delay (League
Well pleas'd they ſlack thir courſe, and many a
Cheard with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles.
So entertaind thoſe odorous ſweets the Fiend
Who came thir bane, though with them better
Then *Aſmodeus* with the fiſhie fume, (pleas'd
That drove him, though enamourd, from the Spouſe
Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance ſent
From *Media* poſt to *Ægypt*, there faſt bound.
Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage Hill
Satan had journied on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplext
All path of Man or Beaſt that paſt that way:

One

One Gate there onely was, and that look'd Eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' arch-fellon ſaw
Due entrance he diſdaind, and in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of Hill or higheſt Wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeve
In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field ſecure,
Leaps o're the fence with eaſe into the Fould:
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the caſh
Of ſome rich Burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial dores,
Croſs-barrd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbes, or o're the tiles;
So clomb this firſt grand Thief into Gods Fou'd:
So ſince into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle Tree and higheſt there that grew,
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby regaind, but ſat deviſing Death
To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had bin the pledge
Of immortalitie. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to thir meaneſt uſe:
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth: for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the Garden was, by him in the Eaſt

Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* ſtretchd her Line
From *Auran* Eaſtward to the Royal Towrs
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before
Dwelt in *Telaſſar*: in this pleaſant ſoile
His farr more pleaſant Garden God ordaind;
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All Trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming Ambroſial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through *Eden* went a River large, (hill
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggie
Paſs'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh Fountain, and with many a rill
Waterd the Garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the neather Flood,
Which from his darkſom paſſage now appeers,
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
And Country whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the criſped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and ſands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendant ſhades
Ran Nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flours worthy of Paradiſe which not nice Art

In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Powrd forth profuſe on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
Both where the morning Sun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc't ſhade
Imbround the noontide Bowrs: Thus was thisplace,
A happy rural ſeat of various view; (Balme,
Groves whoſe rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and
Others whoſe fruit burniſht with Golden Rinde
Hung amiable, *Heſperian* Fables true,
If true, here onely, and of delicious taſte:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
Graſing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
Of ſom irriguous Valley ſpread her ſtore,
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Roſe:
Another ſide, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of coole receſs, o're which the mantling Vine
Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills, diſperſt, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
Her chryſtall mirror holds, unite thir ſtreams.
The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while Univerſal *Pan*
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
Of *Enna*, where *Proſerpin* gathring flours
Her ſelf a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*
Wasgatherd, which coſt *Ceres* all that pain
To ſeek her through the world; nor that ſweet
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inſpir'd (Grove
Caſtalian

Castalian Spring might with this Paradise
Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* Ile
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan Jove*,
Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;
Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard,
Mount *Amara*, though this by som suppos'd
True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line
By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with shining Rock,
A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote
From this *Assyrian* Garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,
And worthie seemd, for in their looks Divine
The image of their glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemd;
For contemplation hee and valour formd,
For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore

Dishe-

Diſheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curles her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yeilded, by him beſt receivd,
Yeilded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceald,
Then was not guiltie ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of natures works, honor diſhonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With ſhews inſtead, meer ſhew of ſeeming pure,
And baniſht from mans life his happieſt life,
Simplicitie and ſpotleſs innocence.
So paſsd they naked on, nor ſhund the ſight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſsd, the lovlieſt pair
That ever ſince in loves imbraces met,
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince borne
His Sons, the faireſt of her Daughters *Eve*.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſpering ſoft, by a freſh Fountain ſide
They ſat them down, and after no more toil
Of thir ſweet Gardning labour then ſuffic'd
To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made eaſe
More eaſie, wholſom thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
Yeilded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downie Bank damaskt with flours:
The ſavourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles

Wanted,

Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beſeems
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
Alone as they. About them frisking playd
All Beaſts of th' Earth, ſince wilde, and of all chaſe
In Wood or Wilderneſs, Forreſt or Den;
Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw
Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards
Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, & wreathd
His Lithe Proboſcis; cloſe the Serpent ſly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Coucht, and now fild with paſture gazing ſat,
Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone carreer
To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' aſcending Scale
Of Heav'n the Starrs that uſher Evening roſe:
When *Satan* ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length faild ſpeech recoverd ſad.
O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc't
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them Divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that formd them on thir ſhape hath
Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh (pourd.
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy;

Happy;

Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new World, compels me now
To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.
So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high Tree
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those fourfooted kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespi'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action markt: about them round

A Lion now he ſtalkes with fierie glare,
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath ſpi'd
In ſome Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeiſe them both
Grip't in each paw: when *Adam* firſt of men
To firſt of women *Eve* thus moving ſpeech,
Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow.
Sole partner and ſole part of all theſe joyes,
Dearer thy ſelf then all; needs muſt the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitly good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the duſt and plac't us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
From us no other ſervice then to keep
This one, this eaſie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradiſe that beare delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowſt
God hath pronounc't it death to taſte that Tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left
Among ſo many ſignes of power and rule
Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
Over all other Creatures that poſſeſſe
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſie prohibition, who enjoy

Free

Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extoll
His bountie, following our delightful task
To prune these growing Plants, & tend these Flours,
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was formd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my Guide
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For wee to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Preeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak't, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade on flours, much wondring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe
On the green bank, to look into the cleer
Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd
Bending to look on me, I started back,
It started back, but pleasd I soon returnd,
Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt

Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vaine desire,
Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee
Whose image thou art, him thou shall enjoy
Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
Mother of human Race: what could I doe,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,
Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,
Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,
Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seisd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelld by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half imbracing leand
On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight

Both

Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*
On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds
That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadis't in one anothers arms
The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd'n?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
Can it be death? and do they onely stand
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with designe
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This Garden, and no corner leave unspi'd;

A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed.
So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began (roam.
Through wood, through waſte, o're hil, o're dale his
Mean while in utmoſt Longitude, where Heav'n
With Earth and Ocean meets, the ſetting Sun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern Gate of Paradiſe
Leveld his evning Rayes: it was a Rock
Of Alablaſter, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conſpicuous farr, winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from Earth, one entrance high;
The reſt was craggie cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climbe.
Betwixt theſe rockie Pillars *Gabriel* ſat
Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd Heroic Games
Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven
On a Sun beam, ſwift as a ſhooting Starr
In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impreſs the Air, and ſhews the Mariner
From what point of his Compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.
Gabriel, to thee thy courſ by Lot hath giv'n

Charge

Charge and strict watch that to this happie place
No evil thing approach or enter in;
This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of th' Almighties works, and chiefly Man
Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,
Where he first lighted, soon discernd his looks
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.
To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet sight,
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come
Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.
But if within the circuit of these walks
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know.
So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge
Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd

Diurnal,

Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
Now came still Evning on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Livrie all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.
When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies;
While other Animals unactive range,
And of thir doings God takes no account.
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform

Yon

Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:
Thoſe Bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping Gumms,
That lie beſtrowne unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us reſt.
To whom thus *Eve* with perfet beauty adornd.
My Author and Diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargu'd I obey; ſo God ordains,
God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
Is womans happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time,
All ſeaſons and thir change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt Birds; pleaſant the Sun
When firſt on this delightful Land he ſpreads
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
Gliſtring with dew; fragrant the fertil earth
After ſoft ſhowers; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful Eevning milde, then ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn Bird and this fair Moon,
And theſe the Gemms of Heav'n, her ſtarrie train:
But neither breath of Morn when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt Birds, nor riſing Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
Gliſtring with dew, nor fragrance after ſhowers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is ſweet.
But wherfore all night long ſhine theſe, for whom

This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general Anceſtor repli'd.
Daughter of God and Man, accompliſht *Eve*,
Thoſe have thir courſe to finiſh, round the Earth,
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
Miniſtring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leaſt total darkneſs ſhould by Night regaine
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In Nature and all things, which theſe ſoft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
Of various influence foment and warme,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Thir ſtellar vertue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe;
Millions of ſpiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others note
Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With Heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number joind, thir ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd

On

On to thir bliſsful Bower; it was a place
Chos'n by the ſovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to mans delightful uſe; the roofe
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous bushie ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,
Iris all hues, Roſes, and Geſſamin (wrought
Rear'd high thir flouriſht heads between, and
Moſaic; underfoot the Violet,
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay (ſtone
Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with
Of coſtlieſt Emblem: other Creature here
Beaſt, Bird, Inſect, or Worm durſt enter none;
Such was thir awe of man. In ſhadier Bower
More ſacred and ſequeſterd, though but feignd,
Pan or *Silvanus* never ſlept, nor Nymph,
Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in cloſe receſs
With Flowers, Garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling Herbs
Eſpouſed *Eve* deckt firſt her Nuptial Bed,
And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely then *Pandora*, whom the Gods
Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to the unwiſer Son
Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, ſhe enſnar'd
Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole *Joves* authentic fire.
Thus at thir ſhadie Lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd

The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons reſplendent Globe
And ſtarrie Pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
Which we in our appointed work imployd
Have finiſht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a Race
To fill the Earth, who ſhall with us extoll
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.
This ſaid unanimous, and other Rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure
Which God likes beſt, into thir inmoſt bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſom diſguiſes which wee wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid, nor turnd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouſe, nor *Eve* the Rites
Myſterious of connubial Love refus'd:
Whatever Hypocrites auſterely talk
Of puritie and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſom, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increaſe, who bids abſtain
But our Deſtroyer, foe to God and Man?
Haile wedded Love, myſterious Law, true ſourſe
Of human ofspring, ſole proprietie,
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adulterous luſt was driv'n from men

Among

Among the beſtial herds to raunge, by thee
Founded in Reaſon, Loyal, Juſt, and Pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother firſt were known.
Farr be it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual Fountain of Domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe Bed is undefil'd and chaſt pronounc't,
Preſent, or paſt, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts imploies, here lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of Harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindeard,
Caſual fruition, nor in Court Amours
Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
Or Serenate, which the ſtarv'd Lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe lulld by Nightingales imbraceing ſlept,
And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
Showrd Roſes, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſt pair; and O yet happieſt if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.
Now had night meaſur'd with her ſhaddowie Cone
Half way up Hill this vaſt Sublunar Vault,
And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th'accuſtomd hour ſtood armd
To thir night watches in warlike Parade,
When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus ſpake.
Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the South
With ſtricteſt watch; theſe other wheel the North,
Our circuit meets full Weſt. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.

From

From theſe, two ſtrong and ſuttle Spirits he calld
That neer him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and *Zephon*, with wingd ſpeed
Search through this Garden, leav unſearcht no nook,
But chiefly where thoſe two fair Creatures Lodge,
Now laid perhaps aſleep ſecure of harme.
This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of ſom infernal Spirit ſeen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) e-
The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: (ſcap'd
Such where ye find, ſeiſe faſt, and hither bring.
So ſaying, on he led his radiant Files,
Daz'ling the Moon; theſe to the Bower direct
In ſearch of whom they ſought: him there they (found
Squat like a Toad, cloſe at the eare of *Eve*;
Aſſaying by his Deviliſh art to reach
The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
Illuſions as he liſt, Phantaſms and Dreams,
Or if, inſpiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood ariſe
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raiſe
At leaſt diſtemperd, diſcontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate deſires
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falſhood can endure
Touch of Celeſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs: up he ſtarts
Diſcoverd and ſurpriz'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
Fit for the Tun ſom Magazin to ſtore
Againſt a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine

With

With ſudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:
So ſtarted up in his own ſhape the Fiend.
Back ſtept thoſe two fair Angels half amaz'd
So ſudden to behold the grieſlie King;
Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.
Which of thoſe rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon, and transform'd,
Why ſatſt thou like an enemie in waite
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?
Know ye not then ſaid *Satan*, filld with ſcorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoare;
Not to know mee argues your ſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and ſuperfluous begin
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus *Zephon*, anſwering ſcorn with ſcorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy ſhape the ſame,
Or undiminiſht brightneſs, to be known
As when thou ſtoodſt in Heav'n upright and pure;
That Glorie then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee, and thou reſembl'ſt now
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foule.
But come, for thou, beſure, ſhalt give account
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.
So ſpake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
Invincible: abaſht the Devil ſtood,
And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw
Vertue in her ſhape how lovly, ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs; but chiefly to find here obſervd

His

His luſtre viſibly impar'd; yet ſeemd
Undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the Sender not the ſent,
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
Or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid *Zephon* bold,
Will ſave us trial what the leaſt can doe
Single againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to ſtrive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quelld
His heart, not elſe diſmai'd. Now drew they nigh
The weſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding
Juſt met, & cloſing ſtood in ſquadron joind (guards
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus calld aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Haſting this way, and now by glimps diſcerne
Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the ſhade,
And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour ſeems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He ſcarce had ended, when thoſe two approachd
And brief related whom they brought, wher found,
How buſied, in what form and poſture coucht.
To whom with ſtern regard thus *Gabriel* ſpake.
Why haſt thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds preſcrib'd
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturbd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have power and right

To

To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doomd? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, & soonest recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer barr
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harme.
Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel moy'd,
Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison scap't,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight

Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok't.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,
The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely had'st not come sole fugitive.
To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting Angel, well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide
The blasting volied Thunder made all speed
And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behooves
From hard assaies and ill successes past
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie
This new created World, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To

To whom the warriour Angel ſoon repli'd.
To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to flie pain, profeſſing next the Spie,
Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;
Was this your diſcipline and faith ingag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve
Allegeance to th' acknowledg'd Power ſupream?
And thou ſly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more then thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervilly ador'd
Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thy ſelf to reigne?
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;
Flie thither whence thou fledſt: if from this houre
Within theſe hallowd limits thou appeer,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,
And Seale thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorne
The facil gates of hell too ſlightly barrd.
So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy ſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yoak, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.
While thus he ſpake, th' Angelic Squadron bright

Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:
His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his grapse
What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
At least had gon to rack, disturbed and torne
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,
Wherein all things created first he weighd,
The pendulous round Earth with balanc't Aire
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubld now

To

To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign (weak,
Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

The End of the Fourth Book.

PARA-

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

NOw Morn her roſie ſteps in th' Eaſtern Clime
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,
When *Adam* wak't, ſo cuſtomd, for his ſleep
Was Aerie light, from pure digeſtion bred,
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora*'s fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill Matin Song
Of Birds on every bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*
With Treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beautie, which whether waking or aſleep,

Shot

Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'ns last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.
O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past't, or morrows next designe,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksom night; methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleepst thou *Eve?* now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment

Attracted

Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:
And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
One shap'd & wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;
And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?
This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme
He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant growes,
The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,
Partake thou also; happie though thou art,
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confind,

But ſomtimes in the Air, as wee, ſomtimes
Aſcend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the Gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluckt; the pleaſant ſavourie ſmell
So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outſtretcht immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night
Related, and thus *Adam* anſwerd ſad.
Beſt Image of my ſelf and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the Soule
Are many leſſer Faculties that ſerve
Reaſon as chief; among theſe Fanſie next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful Senſes repreſent,
She forms Imaginations, Aerie ſhapes,
Which Reaſon joyning or disjoyning, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private Cell when Nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic Fanſie wakes

To imitate her; but misjoyning ſhapes,
Wilde work produces oft, and moſt in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Som ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt Evnings talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhorr to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do:
Be not diſheart'nd then, nor cloud thoſe looks
That wont to be more chearful and ſerene
Then when fair Morning firſt ſmiles on the World,
And let us to our freſh imployments riſe
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
That open now thir choiceſt boſom'd ſmells
Reſervd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.
So cheard he his fair Spouſe, and ſhe was cheard,
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in thir chryſtal fluce, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that feard to have offended.
So all was cleard, and to the Field they haſte.
But firſt from under ſhadie arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the Sun, who ſcarce up riſen
With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
Diſcovering in wide Lantskip all the Eaſt-

Of Paradiſe and *Edens* happie Plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Thir Oriſons, each Morning duly paid
In various ſtyle, for neither various ſtyle
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Thir Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc't or ſung
Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence
Flowd from their lips, in Proſe or numerous Verſe,
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp,
To add more ſweetneſs, and they thus began.
These are thy glorious works Parent of good,
Almightie, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thy ſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitſt above theſe Heavens
To us inviſible or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works, yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and Power Divine:
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,
On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of Starrs, laſt in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownſt the ſmiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praiſe him in thy Spheare
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of Prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high Noon haſt gaind, & when thou fallſt.

Moon, that now meetſt the orient Sun, now fli'ſt
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
And yee five other wandring Fires that move
In myſtic Dance not without Song, reſound
His praiſe, who out of Darkneſs call'd up Light.
Aire, and ye Elements the eldeſt birth
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetuall Circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things, let your ceaſleſs change
Varie to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From Hill or ſteaming Lake, duſkie or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,
In honour to the Worlds great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd ſkie,
Or wet the thirſtie Earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breath ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in ſign of Worſhip wave.
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven Gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe;
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk
The Earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, Morn or Eeven,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us onely good; and if the night

Have

Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
Firm peace recoverd ſoon and wonted calm.
On to thir morning rural work they haſte
Among ſweet dewes and flours; where any row
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr
Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs imbraces: or they led the Vine
To wed her Elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her mariageable arms, and with her brings
Her dowr th' adopted Cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld
With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the ſociable Spirit, that deign'd
To travel with *Tobias*, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſeaventimes-wedded Maid.
Raphael, ſaid hee, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on Earth
Satan from Hell ſcap't through the darkſom Gulf
Hath raiſd in Paradiſe, and how diſturbd
This night the human pair, how he deſignes
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with *Adam*, in what Bowre or ſhade
Thou find'ſt him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
To reſpit his day-labour with repaſt,
Or with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
As may adviſe him of his happie ſtate,
Happineſs in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure: tell him withall

His

His danger, and from whom, what enemie
Late fal'n himſelf from Heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs;
By violence, no, for that ſhall be withſtood,
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Leaſt wilfully tranſgreſſing he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſht, unforewarnd.
So ſpake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld
All Juſtice: nor delaid the winged Saint
After his charge receivd; but from among
Thouſand Celeſtial Ardors, where he ſtood
Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up ſpringing light
Flew through the midſt of Heav'n; th' angelic quires
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' Empyreal road; till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-opend wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſov'ran Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Starr interpoſd, how ever ſmall he ſees,
Not unconforme to other ſhining Globes,
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crownd
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glaſs
Of *Galileo*, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidſt the *Cyclades*
Delos or *Samos* firſt appeering kenns
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt Ethereal Skie
Sailes between worlds & worlds, with ſteddie wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fanne
Winnows the buxom Air; till within ſoare

Of

Of Towring Eagles, to all the fowles he ſeems
A *Phœnix*, gaz'd by all, as that ſole Bird
When to enſhrine his reliques in the Sunn's
Bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Theb's* he flies.
At once on th' Eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns
A *Seraph* wingd; ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o're his breſt
With regal Ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a Starrie Zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile
Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high in honour riſe;
For on ſom meſſage high they gueſsd him bound.
Thir glittering Tents he paſsd, and now is come
Into the bliſful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
And flouring Odours, Caſſia, Nard, and Balme;
A Wilderneſs of ſweets; for Nature here
Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliſſe.
Him through the ſpicie Forreſt onward com
Adam diſcernd, as in the dore he ſat
Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his fervid raies, to warme
Earths inmoſt womb, more warmth then *Adam* need

And

And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner favourie fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie ſtream,
Berrie or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.
Haſte hither *Eve*, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe Trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another Morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſom great beheſt from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutſafe
This day to be our Gueſt. But goe with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth and poure
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav'nly ſtranger; well we may afford
Our givers thir own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtowd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earths hallowd mould,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,
All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte and from each bough and break,
Each Plant & jucieſt Gourd will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our Angel gueſt, as hee
Beholding ſhall confeſs that here on Earth
God hath diſpenſt his bounties as in Heav'n.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacie beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix

Taſtes,

Taſtes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change,
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yeilds
In *India* East or Weſt, or middle ſhoare
In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coaſt, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,
Rough, or ſmooth rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand; for drink the Grape
She cruſhes, inoffenſive mouſt, and meathes
From many a berrie, and from ſweet kernels preſt
She tempers dulcet creams, nor theſe to hold
Wants her fit veſſels pure, then ſtrews the ground
With Roſe and Odours from the ſhrub unſum'd.
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet
His god-like Gueſt, walks forth, without more train
Accompani'd then with his own compleat
Perfections, in himſelf was all his ſtate,
More ſolemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
Of Horſes led, and Grooms beſmeard with Gold
Dazles the croud, and ſets them all agape.
Neerer his preſence *Adam* though not awd,
Yet with ſubmiſs approach and reverence meek,
As to a ſuperior Nature, bowing low,
Thus ſaid. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can then Heav'n ſuch glorious ſhape contain;
Since by deſcending from the Thrones above,
Thoſe happie places thou haſt deignd a while
To want, and honour theſe, voutſafe with us
Two onely, who yet by ſov'ran gift poſſeſs

This ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhadie Bowre
To reſt, and what the Garden choiceſt bears
To ſit and taſte, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.
Whom thus the Angelic Vertue anſwerd milde.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou ſuch
Created, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
To viſit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
Oreſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till Evning riſe
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour ſmil'd
With flourets deck't and fragrant ſmells; but *Eve*
Undeckt, ſave with her ſelf more lovely fair
Then Wood-Nymph, or the faireſt Goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked ſtrove,
Stood to entertain her gueſt from Heav'n; no vaile
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*
Beſtowd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſt *Marie*, ſecond *Eve*.
Haile Mother of Mankind, whoſe fruitful Womb
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
Then with theſe various fruits the Trees of God
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of graſſie terf
Thir Table was, and moſſie ſeats had round,
And on her ample Square from ſide to ſide
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they hold;
No fear leſt Dinner coole; when thus began
Our Authour. Heav'nly ſtranger, pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties which our Nouriſher, from whom

All

All perfet good unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The Earth to yeild; unsavourie food perhaps
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
That one Celestial Father gives to all.
To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your Rational; and both contain
Within them every lower facultie
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustaind and fed; of Elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at Even
Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines (Morn
Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here

Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchimist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*
Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousie
Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.
Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above his World, and of thir being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,

Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt voutſaf't
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At Heav'ns high feaſts to have fed: yet what com-
pare?
To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.
O *Adam*, one Almightie is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
Each in thir ſeveral active Sphears aſſignd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
More aerie, laſt the bright conſummate floure
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit
Mans nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd
To vital Spirits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and ſenſe,
Fanſie and underſtanding, whence the ſoule
Reaſon receives, and reaſon is her being,
Diſcurſive, or Intuitive; diſcourſe
Is oftest yours, the latter moſt is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,
To proper ſubſtance; time may come when men
With Angels may participate, and find

No

No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happie state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
From center to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found Obedient?* can wee want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert
Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;
That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfet, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will

By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity;
Our voluntarie service he requires,
Not our necessitated, such with him
Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By Destinie, and can no other choose?
My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand
In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve.
Because wee freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted eare
Divine instructer, I have heard, then when
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
To be, both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our maker, and obey him whose command
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellst
Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun

Had

Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.
Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*
After short pause assenting, thus began.
High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfet while they stood; how last unfould
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likning spiritual to corporal forms,
As may expres them best, though what if Earth
Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde
Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day (now rests
(For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd, (Host
Innumerable before th' Almighties Throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,
Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve

Of

Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;
Or in thir glittering Tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
A midſt as from a flaming Mount, whoſe top,
Brightneſs had made invifible, thus ſpake.
Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light, (ers,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-
Hear my Decree, which unrevok't ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by my Self have ſworn to him ſhall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord:
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
United as one individual Soule
For ever happie: him who diſobeyes
Mee diſobeyes, breaks union, and that day
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into utter darkneſs, deep ingulft, his place
Ordaind without redemption, without end.
So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeemd well pleas'd, all ſeem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other ſolem dayes, they ſpent
In ſong and dance about the ſacred Hill,
Myſtical dance, which yonder ſtarrie Spheare
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheeles
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem:
And in their motions harmonic Divine
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
Listens delighted. Evning approachd
(For we have also our Evning and our Morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows:
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.
They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous King, who
With copious hand, rejoycing in their joy. (showrd
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light & shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd
To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr
Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspred,
(Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng
Dispers'd in Bands and Files their Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept (course
Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in their
Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd

Satan,

Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more Heav'n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
With envie against the Son of God, that day
Honourd by his great Father, and proclaimd
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impaird.
Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.
Sleepst thou Companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips
Of Heav'ns Almightie. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;
New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night
Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their Banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare

Fit entertainment to receive our King
The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.
So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwarie breſt
Of his Associate; hee together calls,
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Host:
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
And from within the golden Lamps that burne
Nightly before him, saw without thir light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spred
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
Neerly it now concernes us to be sure

Of

Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deitie or Empire, ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends to erect his Throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpacious North;
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to trie
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all imploy
In our defence, leſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.
To whom the Son with calm aſpect and cleer
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, ſerene,
Made anſwer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at thir vain deſignes and tumults vain,
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all Regal Power
Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worſt in Heav'n.
So ſpake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers
Farr was advanc't on winged ſpeed, an Hoſt
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,
Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.
Regions they paſs'd, the mightie Regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globoſe

Stretcht

Stretcht into Longitude; which having paſs'd
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal ſeat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (ſo call
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, hee
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that Mount whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of Heav'n,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he aſſembl'd all his Train,
Pretending ſo commanded to conſult
About the great reception of thir King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Powers,
If theſe magnific Titles yet remain
Not meerly titular, ſince by Decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs't
All Power, and us eclipſt under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to conſult how we may beſt
With what may be devis'd of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counſels might erect

Our

Our minds and teach us to caſt off this Yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chuſe to bend
The ſupple knee? ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right, or if ye know your ſelves
Natives and Sons of Heav'n poſſeſt before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well conſiſt.
Who can in reaſon then or right aſſume
Monarchie over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in power and ſplendor leſs,
In freedome equal? or can introduce
Law and Edict on us, who without law
Erre not, much leſs for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuſe
Of thoſe Imperial Titles which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve?
Thus farr his bold diſcourſe without controule
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale ador'd
The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
O argument blaſphemous, falſe and proud!
Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, ingrate
In place thy ſelf ſo high above thy Peeres.
Canſt thou with impious obloquie condemne
The juſt Decree of God, pronounc't and ſworn,
That to his only Son by right endu'd
With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due

Confeſs

Conteſs him rightful King? unjuſt thou ſaiſt
Flatly unjuſt, to binde with Laws the free,
And equal over equals to let Reigne,
One over all with unſucceeded power.
Shalt thou give Law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of libertie, who made
Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
Such as he pleaſd, and circumſcrib'd thir being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignitie
How provident he is, how farr from thought
To make us leſs, bent rather to exalt
Our happie ſtate under one Head more neer
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:
Thy ſelf though great & glorious doſt thou count,
Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
By him created in thir bright degrees,
Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-
Eſſential Powers, nor by his Reign obſcur'd, (ers
But more illuſtrious made, ſince he the Head
One of our number thus reduc't becomes,
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe; but haſt'n to appeaſe
Th'incenſed Father, and th' incenſed Son,
While Pardon may be found in time beſought.
So ſpake the fervent Angel, but his zeale

None

None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular and raſh, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apoſtat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
That we were formd then ſaiſt thou? & the work
Of ſecondarie hands, by task transferd
From Father to his Son? ſtrange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who
When this creation was? rememberſt thou (ſaw
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal courſe
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.
Our puiſſance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He ſaid, and as the ſound of waters deep
Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite Hoſt, nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Encompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwerd bold.
O alienate from God, O ſpirit accurſt,
Forſak'n of all good; I ſee thy fall
Determind, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpred
Both of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth

No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of Gods *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws
Will not be now voutsaf't, other Decrees
Against thee are gon forth without recall;
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly
These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learne,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.
So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshak'n, unseduc'd, unterrifi'd
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he passd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

PARA-

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadleſs Angel unpurſu'd
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till Morn,
Wak't by the circling Hours, with roſie hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave
Within the Mount of God, faſt by his Throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n
Grateful viciſſitude, like Day and Night;
Light iſſues forth, and at the other dore
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her houre (well
To veile the Heav'n, though darkneſs there might
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in higheſt Heav'n arrayd in Gold
Empyreal, from before her vaniſht Night,

Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view:
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among thoſe friendly Powers who him receav'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of ſo many Myriads fall'n, yet one
Returnd not loſt: On to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupream; from whence a voice
From midſt a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintaind
Againſt revolted multitudes the Cauſe
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;
And for the teſtimonie of Truth haſt born
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to beare
Then violence: for this was all thy care
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe: the eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Then ſcornd thou didſt depart, and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for thir Law refuſe,
Right reaſon for thir Law, and for thir King
Meſſiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
Goe *Michael* of Celeſtial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military proweſs next
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel theſe my Sons

Invin-

Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By Thouſands and by Millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that Godleſs crew
Rebellious, them with Fire and hoſtile Arms
Fearleſs aſſault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Purſuing drive them out from God and bliſs,
Into thir place of puniſhment, the Gulf
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide
His fiery *Chaos* to receave thir fall.
So ſpake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and ſmoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the ſigne
Of wrauth awak't: nor with leſs dread the loud
Etheteal Trumpet from on high gan blow:
At which command the Powers Militant,
That ſtood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
Of Union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence thir bright Legions, to the ſound
Of inſtrumental Harmonie that breath'd
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cauſe
Of God and his *Meſſiah*. On they move
Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,
Nor ſtreit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
Thir march was, and the paſſive Air upbore
Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of Birds in orderly array on wing
Came ſummond over *Eden* to receive
Thir names of thee; ſo over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laſt

Farr

Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd
From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, ſtretcht
In battailous aſpect, and neerer view
Briſtl'd with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boaſtful Argument portraid,
The banded Powers of *Satan* haſting on
With furious expedition; for they weend
That ſelf ſame day by fight, or by ſurprize
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
To ſet the envier of his State, the proud
Aſpirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though ſtrange to us it ſeemd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel warr,
And in fierce hoſting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in Feſtivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one great Sire
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the ſhout
Of Battel now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt exalted as a God
Th' Apoſtat in his Sun-bright Chariot ſate
Idol of Majeſtie Divine, enclos'd
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
'Twixt Hoſt and Hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughtie ſtrides advanc't,
Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;

Abdiel

Abdiel that ſight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O Heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
Remain not; wherfore ſhould not ſtrength & might
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt; though to ſight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almightie's aide,
I mean to try, whoſe Reaſon I have tri'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it aught but juſt,
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
Should win in Arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that conteſt and foule,
When Reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that Reaſon overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens't, and thus ſecurely him defi'd.
Proud, art thou' met? thy hope was to have
The highth of thy aſpiring unoppos'd, (reacht
The Throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandond at the terror of thy Power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in Arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant Armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finiſht thee, and whelmd
Thy Legions under darkneſs; but thou ſeeſt

All

All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seemd in thy World erroneous to diſſent
From all: my Sect thou ſeeſt, now learn too late
How few ſomtimes may know, when thouſands err.
Whom the grand foe with ſcornful eye aſkance
Thus anſwerd. Ill for thee, but in wiſht houre
Of my revenge, firſt ſought for thou returnſt
From flight, ſeditious Angel, to receave
Thy merited reward, the firſt aſſay
Of this right hand provok't, ſince firſt that tongue
Inſpir'd with contradiction durſt oppoſe
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
Thir Deities to aſſert, who while they feel
Vigour Divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comſt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me ſom Plume, that thy ſucceſs may ſhow
Deſtruction to the reſt: this pauſe between
(Unanſwerd leaſt thou boaſt) to let thee know;
At firſt I thought that Libertie and Heav'n
To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſtring Spirits, traind up in Feaſt and Song;
Such haſt thou arm'd, the Minſtrelſie of Heav'n,
Servilitie with freedom to contend,
As both thir deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.
To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* ſtern repli'd.
Apoſtat, ſtill thou errſt, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou deprav'ſt it with the name

Of

Of *Servitude* to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebelld
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thy ſelf not free, but to thy ſelf enthrall'd;
Yet leudly dar'ſt our miniſtring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee ſerve
In Heav'n God ever bleſſed, and his Divine
Behеſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd,
Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while
From mee returnd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious Creſt receive.
So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud Creſt of *Satan*, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his Shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſie Spear upſtaid; as if on Earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had puſh't a Mountain from his ſeat
Half ſunk with all his Pines. Amazement ſeiz'd
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to ſee
Thus foil'd thir mightieſt, ours joy filld, and ſhout,
Preſage of Victorie and fierce deſire
Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid ſound
Th'Arch-angel trumpet; through the vaſt of Heav'n
It ſounded, and the faithful Armies rung
Hoſanna to the Highеſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe Legions, nor leſs hideous joyn'd

The horrid ſhock: now ſtorming furie roſe,
And clamour ſuch as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding Wheeles
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery Darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either Hoſt with fire.
Sounder fierie Cope together ruſh'd
Both Battels maine, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all Heav'n
Reſounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth
Had to her Center ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could weild
Theſe Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all thir Regions; how much more of Power
Armie againſt Armie numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, thir happie Native ſeat;
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
From his ſtrong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited thir might; though numberd ſuch
As each divided Legion might have ſeemd
A numerous Hoſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
A Legion; led in fight, yet Leader ſeemd
Each Warriour ſingle as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of Battel, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himſelf reli'd,

As onely in his arm the moment lay
Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame
Were don, but infinite: for wide was ſpred
That War and various; ſomtimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the Air; all Air ſeemd then
Conflicting Fire: long time in eeven ſcale
The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day
Prodigious power had ſhewn, and met in Armes
No equal, raunging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the Sword of *Michael* ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſht aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
A vaſt circumference: At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
Inteſtine War in Heav'n, the arch foe ſubdu'd
Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all enflam'd firſt thus began.
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe Acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thy ſelf
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'ns bleſſed peace, and into Nature brought
Miſerie, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright

And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,
Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented paine.
So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
Of airie threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats
To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd *Almightie* to thy aid,
I flie not, but have sought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms

Fit.

Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as to set forth
Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,
Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
Together both with next to Almightie Arme,
Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword
Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God
Was giv'n him tempered so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd
All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour stain'd ere while so bright.

Forth-

Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd
From off the files of warr; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,
All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,
They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,
And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound
Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,
Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods
Disdain'd,

Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learnd in thir flight,
Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate and Maile.
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy
The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow
Ariel and *Arioc*, and the violence
Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and thir names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
Canceld from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
Therfore Eternal silence be thir doome.
And now thir mightiest quelld, the battel swerv'd,
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap
Chariot and Charioter lay overturnd
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host
Defensive scarse, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints

In

In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:
Such high advantages thir innocence
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappeerd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismai'd began.
O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
Found worthy not of Libertie alone,
Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
What Heavens Lord, had powerfullest to send
Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,

Some

Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
Since now we find this our Empyreal forme
Incapable of mortal injurie
Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easie think
The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In Nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve
Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.
He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,
And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find
Against unequal armes to fight in paine,
Against unpaind, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes (paine
Valour or strength, though matchless, quelld with
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live contente, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfet miserie, the worst

Of evil, and excesive, overturnes
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme
Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
No less then for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look compos'd Satan repli'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring;
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,
Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fierie spume, till touch'd
With Heavns ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
These in their dark Nativitie the Deep
Shall yeild us pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hollow Engins long and round
Thick-ramm'd, at th'other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
From far with thundring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind

Think nothing hard, much leſs to be deſpaird.
He ended, and his words their drooping cheare
Enlightn'd, and their languiſht hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
To be th' inventer miſs'd, ſo eaſie it ſeemd
Once found, which yet unfound moſt would have
Impoſſible: yet haply of thy Race (thought
In future dayes, if Malice ſhould abound,
Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With devliſh machination might devise
Like inſtrument to plague the Sons of men
For ſin, on warr and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,
None arguing ſtood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turnd
Wide the Celeſtial ſoile, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of Nature in their crude
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
They found, they mingl'd, and with ſubtle Art,
Concocted and adjuſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore conveyd:
Part hidd'n veins digg'd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found their Engins and their Balls
Of miſſive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-ſpring, under conſcious Night
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection uneſpi'd.
Now when fair Morn Orientin Heav'n appeerd
Up roſe the Victor Angels, and to Arms
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they ſtood

Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
Look'd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed
Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in alt: him soon they met
Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in slow
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.
Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud
He comes, and settl'd in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure; let each
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orbed Shield,
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizling shower,
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.
So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,
And onward move Embattelld; when behold
Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube
Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd
On every side with shaddowing Squadrons Deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.
Vangard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;

That

That all may ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breſt
Stand readie to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe;
But that I doubt, however witneſs Heaven,
Heav'n witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part: yee who appointed ſtand
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So ſcoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.
Which to our eyes diſcoverd new and ſtrange,
A triple-mounted row of Pillars laid
On Wheels (for like to Pillars moſt they ſeem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
Braſs, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe,
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for ſudden all at once thir Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
With neceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoak, all Heav'n appeerd,
From thoſe deep-throated Engins belcht, whoſe
Emboweld with outragious noiſe the Air, (roar
And all her entrails tore, diſgorging foule
Thir devilliſh glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Hoſt
Level'd

Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
The soonest for their Arms, unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rushd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
In posture to displode their second tire
Of Thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld their plight,
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.
O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,
To entertain them fair with open Front (terms
And Breast, (what could we more?) propounded
Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd
Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose
If our proposals once again were heard
We should compel them to a quick result.
To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood.
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,

Such

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themselves in pleasant veine
Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might
To match with thir inventions they presum'd
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
And all his Host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimps'd they ran, they flew,
From thir foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed Engins triple-row
They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air

Came

Came shadowing, and oppress whole Legions arm'd,
Their armor help'd their harm, crush't in and brus'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long strugling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like Armes
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,
Had not th' Almightie Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.
Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame

These

Theſe diſobedient; ſore hath been thir fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch Foes met arm'd;
For to themſelves I left them, and thou knowſt,
Equal in their Creation they were form'd,
Savewhat ſin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend thir doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:
Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reines, (makes
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
Two dayes are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr
Have ſufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
Of ending this great Warr, ſince none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch Vertue and Grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
And this perverſe Commotion governd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then thou Mightieſt in thy Fathers might,
Aſcend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheeles
That ſhake Heav'ns baſis, bring forthall my Warr,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almightie Arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puiſſant Thigh;
Purſue theſe ſons of Darkneſs, drive them out
From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God and *Meſſiah* his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
Shon full, he all his Father full expresst
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.
O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seekst
To glorifie thy Son, I always thee,
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
To chains of Darkness, and th' undying Worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfeined *Hallelujahs* to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,
And the third sacred Morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirl-
The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, (wind sound
Flashing

Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele un-
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd (drawn,
By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each
Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all
And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the
Of Beril, and carreering Fires between; (Wheels
Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.
Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd
Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came, farr off his coming shon,
And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.
Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
Under whose Conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
Under thir Head imbodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;
At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went

Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,
And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his Host on either hand thus spake.
Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;
Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
And as ye have receivd, so have ye don
Invincibly; but of this curfed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude, stand onely and behold
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
By mee; not you but mee they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,
Becaus the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream

Kingdom

Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,
Hath honourd me according to his will.
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath aſſig'n'd;
That they may have thir wiſh, to trie with mee
In Battel which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I voutſafe.
So ſpake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four ſpred out thir Starrie wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the ſound
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Hoſt.
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheels
The ſtedfaſt Empyrean ſhook throughout,
All but the Throne it ſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand Thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in thir Soules infix'd
Plagues; they aſtoniſht all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtrate,
That wiſh'd the Mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd Foure,

Diſtinct

Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurst, that witherd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
Into the wastful Deep; the monstrous sight
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselvs they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine dayes they fell; confounded *Chaos* roard,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire

Unquench-

Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and paine.
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repaird
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.
Sole Victor from th' expulſion of his Foes
Meſſiah his triumphal Chariot turnd:
To meet him all his Saints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye witneſſes of his Almightie Acts,
With Jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
Sung Triumph, and him ſung Victorious King,
Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
Worthieſt to Reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd
On high; who into Glorie him receav'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.
Thus meaſuring things in Heav'n by things on
At thy requeſt, and that thou maiſt beware (Earth
By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to human Race bin hid;
The diſcord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebelld
With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy ſtate,
Who now is plotting how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that with him
Bereavd of happineſs thou maiſt partake
His puniſhment, Eternal miſerie;
Which would be all his ſolace and revenge,
As a deſpite don againſt the moſt High,
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.

But

But liſt'n not to his Temptations, warne
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward
Of diſobedience; firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

The End of the Sixth Book.

PARA-

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DEscend from Heav'n *Urania* by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
Following above th' *Olympian* Hill I soare,
Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nly born,
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' Almighty Father pleas'd
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heavens I have presum'd,
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyreal Aire,

Thy tempring; with like safety guided down
Return me to my Native Element:
Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Dismounted on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil tongues;
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East: Still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few;
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
To rapture, till the savage clamour dround
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav'nlie shee an empty dreame.
Say Goddess what ensu'd when *Raphael*,
The affable Arch-Angel had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven
To those Apostates, least the like befall
In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,

If

It they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please thir appetite,
Though wandring. He with his consorted *Eve*
The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse to heare
Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss
With such confusion, but the evil soon
Driven back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With Blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What neerer might concern him, how this World
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within *Eden* or without was done
Before his memory, as one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.
Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,
Far differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd
Divine Interpreter, by favour sent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:
For which to the Infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receave with solemn purpose to observe

Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf't
Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd
Our knowing as to highest wisdom seemd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known,
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving Fires adornd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient Air wide interfus'd
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
Through all Eternity so late to build
In *Chaos*, and the work begun how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou mayst unfould
What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie his works the more we know.
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
Or if the Star of Evening and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep listning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.
Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought:
And thus the Godlike Angel answered milde.

This

This alſo thy requeſt with caution askt
Obtain: though to recount Almightie works
What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorifie thy Maker, and inferr
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be withheld
Thy hearing, ſuch Commiſſion from above
I have receav'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King
Onely Omniſcient, hath ſuppreſt in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Anough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But knowledge is a food, and needs no leſs
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain,
Oppreſſes elſe with Surfet, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to Folly, as nouriſhment to Winde.
Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the Hoſt
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son returnd
Victorious with his Saints, the Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus ſpake
At leaſt our envious foe hath fail'd who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of Deity ſupream, us diſpoſſeſt,

He

He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud
Drew many whom thir place knows here no more;
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,
Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retaines
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:
But least his heart exalt him in the harme
Already done to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another World, out of one man a Race
Of men innumerable there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at lenghth the way
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, & Heav'n to Earth,
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n;
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,
And put not forth my goodness which is free
To act or not, Necessity and Chance
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.
So spake th' Almightie, and to what he spake

His

His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
Then time or motion, but to humane ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receave.
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n
When such was heard declar'd the Almigties will;
Glorie they sung to the most hgood will
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace;
Glory to him whose just avenging ire
Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his sight
And th' habitations of the just; to him
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, in stead
Of Spirits malign a better Race to bring
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to World and Ages infinite.
So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
On his great Expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
Of Majesty Divine, Sapience and Love
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two Brazen Mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harnest at hand,
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound

On golden Hinges moving to let forth
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
On Heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable Abyſs
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, waſtful, wilde,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
And ſurging waves, as Mountains to aſſault
Heav'ns hight, and with the Centermix the Pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtaid, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
Farr into *Chaos* and the World unborn;
For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Traine
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtaid his fervid Wheels, and in his hand
He took the Golden Compaſſes, prepar'd
In Gods Eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This Univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profunditie obſcure,
And ſaid, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,
This be thy juſt Circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' Abyſs: but on the watery calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outſpred,
And vital vertue infus'd and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Maſs, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs

Adverſe

Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the Air,
And Earth ſelf-ballanc't on her Center hung.
Let ther be Light, ſaid God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native Eaſt
To journie through the airie gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; ſhee in a cloudie Tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the Light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the Hemiſphere
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkneſs Night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt Day Eev'n and Morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the Celeſtial Quires, when Orient Light
Exhaling firſt from Darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow Univerſal Orb they fill'd,
And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creatour him they ſung,
Both when firſt Eevning was, and when firſt Morn.
Again, God ſaid, let ther be Firmament
Amid the Waters, and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters: and God made
The Firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great Round: partition firm and ſure,
The Waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as Earth, ſo hee the World
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide

Cryſtallin Ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, leaſt fierce extreames
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Even
And Morning *Chorus* ſung the ſecond Day.
The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
Prolific humour ſoft'ning all her Globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceave,
Satiate with genial moiſture, when God ſaid
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.
Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, thir tops aſcend the Skie:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters: thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uprowld
As drops on duſt conglobing from the drie;
Part riſe in cryſtal Wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift flouds: as Armies at the call
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to thir Standard, ſo the watrie throng,
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them Rock or Hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,

And

And on the wathie Ooſe deep Channels wore;
Eaſie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
All but within thoſe banks, where Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
And ſaw that it was good, and ſaid, Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant Graſs, Herb yeilding Seed,
And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind;
Whoſe Seed is in her ſelf upon the Earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare Earth, till then
Deſert and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender Graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her Univerſal Face with pleaſant green,
Then Herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flour'd
Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth flouriſh't thick the cluſtring Vine, forth crept
The ſmelling Gourd, up ſtood the cornie Reed
Embattell'd in her field: add the humble Shrub,
And Buſh with frizl'd hair implicit: laſt
Roſe as in Dance the ſtately Trees, and ſpred
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd
Thir Bloſſoms: with high Woods the Hills were
With tufts the vallies & each fountain ſide, (crownd,
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
Seemd like to Heav'n, a ſeat where Gods might
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt (dwell,
Her ſacred ſhades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Miſt
Went up and watered all the ground, and each

Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth
God made, and every Herb, before it grew
On the green ſtemm; God ſaw that it was good:
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.
Again th' Almightie ſpake: Let there be Lights
High in th' expanſe of Heaven to divide
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,
For Seaſons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n
To give Light on the Earth; and it was ſo.
And God made two great Lights, great for thir uſe
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
The leſs by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,
And ſet them in the Firmament of Heav'n
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day
In thir viciſſitude, and rule the Night,
And Light from Darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
For of Celeſtial Bodies firſt the Sun
A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightſom firſt,
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon
Globoſe, and everie magnitude of Starrs,
And ſowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of Light by farr the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,
And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns;

By tincture or reflection they augment
Thir ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So farr remote, with diminution ſeen.
First in his East the glorious Lamp was ſeen,
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run
His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the gray
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the Moon,
But opposite in leveld West was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keepes
Till night, then in the East her turn she ſhines,
Revolvd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign
With thouſand leſſer Lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand Starres, that then appeer'd
Spangling the Hemiſphere: then first adornd
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Roſe,
Glad Eevning & gladMorn crownd the fourth day.
And God ſaid, let the Waters generate
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
Diſplayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.
And God created the great Whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by thir kindes,
And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.

Forth-

Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd (soon
Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge
They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:
Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Thir Aierie Caravan high over Sea's
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane

Her

Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire
Floats, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From Branch to Branch the ſmaller Birds with ſong
Solac'd the Woods, and ſpred thir painted wings
Till Ev'n, nor then the ſolemn Nightingal
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft layes:
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
Thir downie Breſt; the Swan with Arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes
Her ſtate with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit
The Dank, and riſing on ſtiff Pennons, towre
The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted Cock whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours, and th' other whoſe gay Traine
Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
With Fiſh repleniſht, and the Aire with Fowle,
Ev'ning and Morn ſolemniz'd the Fift day.
The Sixt, and of Creation laſt aroſe
With Evning Harps and Mattin, when God ſaid,
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beaſt of the Earth,
Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and ſtrait
Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth
Innumerous living Creatures, perfet formes,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up roſe
As from his Laire the wilde Beaſt where he wonns
In Forreſt wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
Among the Trees in Pairs they roſe, they walk'd:
The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitarie, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad Herds upſprung.

The

The graſſie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from Bonds,
And Rampant ſhakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
Riſing, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
In Hillocks; the ſwift Stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarſe from his mould
Behemoth biggeſt born of Earth upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating roſe,
As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
The River Horſe and ſcalie Crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or Worme; thoſe wav'd thir limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt Lineaments exact
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
With ſpots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
Theſe as a line thir long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace; not all
Minims of Nature; ſome of Serpent kinde
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept
The Parſimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in ſmall room large heart enclos'd,
Pattern of juſt equalitie perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
Of Commonaltie: ſwarming next appeer'd
The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey ſtor'd: the reſt are numberleſs,
And thou thir Natures know'ſt, and gav'ſt them
Needleſt to thee repeaed; nor unknown (Names,

The

The Serpent subtl'st Beast of all the field,
Of huge size sent sometimes, with brazen Eyes
And hairie Mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
Her nightly Planets, by the great first-Movers hand
First wheeld their course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the Master work, the end
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worship God Supream, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he formd thee, Adam, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee

Created thee, in the Image of God
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Femal for Race; then bleſs'd Mankinde, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fiſh of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;
And freely all thir pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee, all ſorts are here that all th'Earth yeelds,
Varietie without end; but of the Tree
Which taſted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
Thou mai'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt;
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leaſt ſin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finiſh'd hee, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So Ev'n and Morn accompliſh'd the Sixt day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up returnd
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created World
Th' addition of his Empire, how it ſhew'd
In proſpect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
Anſwering his great Idea. Up he rode
Followd with acclamation and the ſound

Sympho-

Symphonious of ten thouſand Harpes that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heardſt)
The Heav'ns and all the Conſtellations rung,
The Planets in thir ſtations liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright Pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting Gates, they ſung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in
The great Creator from his work returnd
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt Men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend his winged Meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal Grace. So ſung
The glorious Train aſcending: He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
To Gods Eternal houſe direct the way,
A broad and ample rode, whoſe duſt is Gold
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou ſeeſt
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Sea-
Eev'ning aroſe in Eden, for the Sun (venth
Was ſet, and twilight from the Eaſt came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'ns high-ſeated top, th' Impereal Throne
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and ſure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and ſate him down
With his great Father (for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtaid (ſuch priviledge
Hath Omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,

Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the Seav'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds
Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.
Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,
Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite
Thy power; what thought can measure thee or
Relate thee; greater now in thy return (tongue
Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
Thy Thunders magnified; but to create
Is greater then created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apostat and their Counsels vaine
Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n
From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view
On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's
Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
Of destind habitation; but thou know'st

Thir

Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
Created in his Image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
And multiply a Race of Worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
Thir happiness, and persevere upright.
So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,
With *Hallelujahs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that posteritie
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seekst
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.
To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf't
This friendly condescention to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glorie attributed to the high
Creator; some thing yet of doubt remaines,
Which onely thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly Frame, this World
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,
Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,

An

An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
And all her numberd Starrs, that ſeem to rowle
Spaces incomprehenſible (for ſuch
Thir diſtance argues and thir ſwift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night; in all thir vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides, reaſoning I oft admire,
How Nature wiſe and frugal could commit
Such diſproportions, with ſuperfluous hand
So many nobler Bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold to this one uſe,
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs revolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentarie Earth,
That better might with farr leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble then her ſelf, attaines
Her end without leaſt motion, and receaves,
As Tribute ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs Number failes.
So ſpake our Sire, and by his count'nance ſeemd
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe, which *Eve*
Perceaving where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs Majeſtic from her ſeat,
And Grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her Nurſerie; they at her coming ſprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew,
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her eare

Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole Auditreſs;
Her Husband the Relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Choſe rather; hee, ſhe knew would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal Careſſes, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
With Goddeſs-like demeanour forth ſhe went;
Not unattended, for on her as Queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited ſtill,
And from about her ſhot Darts of deſire
Into all Eyes to wiſh her ſtill in ſight.
And *Raphael* now to *Adam*'s doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.
To ask or ſearch I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee ſet,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
His Seaſons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the reſt
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wiſely to conceal, and not divulge
His ſecrets to be ſcann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they liſt to try
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to thir diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive

To

To save appearances, how gird the Sphear
With Centrie and Eccentrick scribl'd o're,
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That Bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heaven such journies run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit: consider first, that Great
Or Bright infers not Excellence: the Earth
Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on it self works no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first received
His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak
The Makers high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his Line stretch out so far;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could adde
Speed almost Spiritual; me thou think'st not slow,
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In *Eden*, distance inexplicable

By

By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God to remove his wayes from human sense,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might erre in things too high,
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
By his attractive vertue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different Motions move?
Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb supposd,
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
Travelling East, and with her part averse
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest

As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
Fruits in her ſoft'nd Soile, for ſome to eate
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt deſcrie
Communicating Male and Femal Light,
Which two great Sexes animate the World,
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with ſome that live.
For ſuch vaſt room in Nature unpoſſeſt
By living Soule, deſert and deſolate,
Onely to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd ſo farr
Down to this habitable, which returnes
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But whether thus theſe things, or whether not,
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n
Riſe on the Earth, or Earth riſe on the Sun,
Hee from the Eaſt his flaming rode begin,
Or Shee from Weſt her ſilent courſe advance
With inoffenſive pace that ſpinning ſleeps
On her ſoft Axle, while ſhe paces Eev'n,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth Air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and feare;
Of other Creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Wherever plac't, let him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradiſe
And thy faire *Eve*; Heav'nis for thee too high
To know what paſſes there; be lowlie wiſe:
Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition or degree,
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd

Not

Not of Earth onely but of higheſt Heav'n.
To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd.
How fully haſt thou ſatisfi'd mee, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel ſerene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The eaſieſt way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
And not moleſt us, unleſs we our ſelves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vaine.
But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learne,
That not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſuttle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wiſdom, what is more, is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that moſt concerne
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight, and ſpeak of things at hand
Uſeful, whence haply mention may ariſe
Of ſomthing not unſeaſonable to ask
By ſufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was don
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate
My Storie, which perhaps thou haſt not heard;
And Day is yet not ſpent; till then thou ſeeſt
How ſuttly to detaine thee I deviſe,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:

For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in Heav'n,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my eare
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger both, from labour, at the houre
Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate, and ſoon fill, (vine
Though pleaſant, but thy words with Grace Di-
Imbu'd, bring to thir ſweetneſs no ſatietie.
To whom thus *Raphael* anſwer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath alſo pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image faire:
Speaking or mute all comlineſs and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.
Nor leſs think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Then of our fellow ſervant, and inquire
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:
For God we ſee hath honour'd thee, and ſet
On Man his equal Love: ſay therefore on;
For I that Day was abſent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Farr on excurſion toward the Gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full Legion (ſuch command we had)
To ſee that none thence iſſu'd forth a ſpie,
Or enemie, while God was in his work,
Leaſt hee incenſt at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with Creation might have mixt.
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt,
But us he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sovran King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal Gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;

But long ere our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other then the ſound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coaſts of Light
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: ſo we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no leſs then thou with mine.
So ſpake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
For Man to tell how human Life began
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. As new wak't from ſoundeſt ſleep
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moiſture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endevoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, Dale, and ſhadie Woods, and ſunnie Plaines,
And liquid Lapſe of murmuring Streams; by theſe,
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.
My ſelf I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I tri'd, and forthwith ſpake,
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
What e're I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, faire Light,
And

And thou enlight'nd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of my ſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in power præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier then I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew Aire, and firſt beheld
This happie Light, when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhadie Bank profuſe of Flours
Penſive I ſate me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubl'd, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my Head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My Fancy to believe I yet had being,
And livd: One came, methought, of ſhape Divine,
And ſaid, thy Manſion wants thee, *Adam*, riſe,
Firſt Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
To the Garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woodie Mountain; whoſe high top was plaine,
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodlieſt Trees
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I ſaw

Of

Of Earth before ſcarſe pleaſant ſeemd. Each Tree
Load'n with faireſt Fruit, that hung to the Eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadowd: Here had new begun
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,
Preſence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me, & Whom thou ſoughtſt I am,
Said mildely, Author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the Tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have ſet
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warne thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence: for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſt, inevitably thou ſhalt dye;
From that day mortal, and this happie State
Shalt looſe, expell'd from hence into a World
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his cleer aſpect
Return'd and gratious purpoſe thus renew'd.

Not

Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
After their kindes; I bring them to receave
From thee their Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection; understand the same
Of Fish within their watry residence,
Not hither summond, since they cannot change
Their Element to draw the thinner Aire.
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, These cowring low
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what me thought I wanted still;
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.
O by what Name, for thou above all these,
Above mankinde, or aught than mankinde higher,
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,
And all this good to man, for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with mee
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happinesse, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.
What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth

With

With various living creatures, and the Aire
Repleniſht, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee, know'ſt thou not
Thir language and thir wayes, they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.
So ſpake the Univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ordering. I with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus repli'd.
Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferiour farr beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſocietie
Can ſort, what harmonie or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparitie
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs
Cannot well ſuite with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort; they rejoyce
Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can Bird with Beaſt, or Fiſh with Fowle
So well converſe, nor with the Ox the Ape;
Worſt then can Man with Beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſuttle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thy ſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy Aſſociates, *Adam*, and wilt taſte

No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitarie.
What thinkſt thou then of mee, and this my State,
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſt
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all Eternitie, for none I know
Second to mee or like, equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe
Save with the Creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferiour, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd, I lowly anſwer'd. To attaine
The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supream of things;
Thou in thy ſelf art perfet, and in thee
Is no deficience found; not ſo is Man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldſt propagat, already infinite;
And through all numbers abſolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deereſt amitie.
Thou in thy ſecreſie although alone,
Beſt with thy ſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication, yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy Creature to what highth thou wilt
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.

Thus

Thus I embold'nd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gratious voice Divine.
Thus farr to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
And finde thee knowing not of Beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thy ſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpirit within thee free,
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no ſuch companie as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,
To ſee how thou could'ſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh, exactly to thy hearts deſire.
Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtreind to the highth
In that celeſtial Colloquie ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe,
Dazl'd and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell
Of Fancie my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a tranſe methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping op'nd my left ſide, and took

From thence a Rib, with cordial ſpirits warme,
And Life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up & heal'd:
The Rib he formd and faſhond with his hands;
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovly faire,
That what ſeemd fair in all the World, ſeemd now
Mean, or in her ſummd up, in her containd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her Aire inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adornd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: On ſhe came,
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformd
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every geſture dignitie and love.
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
Giver of all things faire, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my Bone, Fleſh of my Fleſh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forgoe

Father

Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one Fleſh, one Heart, one Soule.
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modeſtie,
Her vertue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature her ſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her, ſhe what was Honour knew,
And with obſequious Majeſtie approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the Nuptial Bowre
I led her bluſhing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
And happie Conſtellations on that houre
Shed thir ſelecteſt influence; the Earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; freſh Gales and gentle Aires
Whiſper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings
Flung Roſe, flung Odours from the ſpicie Shrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
Sung Spouſal, and bid haſte the Eevning Starr
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
My Storie to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy, and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire, theſe delicacies
I mean of Taſte, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, & Flours,
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here
Farr otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,

Tranſ

Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake
Againſt the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
Or Nature faild in mee, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch Object to ſuſtain,
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More then enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of Ornament, in outward ſhew
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind
And inward Faculties, which moſt excell,
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His Image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that Dominion giv'n
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in her ſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, vertuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, Wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Looſes diſcount'nanc't, and like folly ſhewes;
Authoritie and Reaſon on her waite,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind and nobleneſs thir ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
Accuſe not Nature, ſhe hath don her part;

Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wiſdom, ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou needſt her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thy ſelf perceav'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo,
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection: weigh with her thy ſelf;
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
Then ſelf-eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her Head,
And to realities yeild all her ſhows;
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou maiſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame voutſaf't
To Cattel and each Beaſt; which would not be
To them made common & divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The Soule of Man, or paſſion in him move.
What higher in her ſocietie thou findſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not,
Wherein true Love conſiſts not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his ſeat
In Reaſon, and is judicious, is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly Love thou maiſt aſcend,
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure, for which cauſe

Among

Among the Beaſts no Mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abaſh't *Adam* repli'd.
Neither her out-ſide formd ſo fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kindes
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
More grateful then harmonious ſound to the eare.
Yet theſe ſubject not; I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'ſt me not, for love thou ſaiſt
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk;
Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love
Expreſs they, by looks onely, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the Angel with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſie red, Loves proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt
Us happie, and without Love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'ſt
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:

Easier

Eaſier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need
As Fleſh to mix with Fleſh, or Soul with Soul.
But I can now no more; the parting Sun
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Iſles
Heſperean ſets, my Signal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happie, and love, but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leaſt Paſſion ſway
Thy Judgement to do aught, which elſe free Will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoyce,
And all the Bleſt: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
Perfet within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to tranſgreſs repel.
So ſaying, he aroſe; whom *Adam* thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heavenly Gueſt, Ethereal Meſſenger,
Sent from whoſe ſovran goodneſs I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condeſcenſion, and ſhall be honour'd ever
With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly ſtill, and oft return.
So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick ſhade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

NO more of talk where God or Angel Gueſt
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
To ſit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repaſt, permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd: I now muſt change
Thoſe Notes to Tragic; foul diſtruſt, and breach
Diſloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And diſobedience: On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, diſtance and diſtaſte,
Anger and juſt rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sinne and her ſhadow Death, and Miſerie
Deaths Harbinger: Sad taſk, yet argument
Not leſs but more Heroic then the wrauth

Of

Of stern *Achilles* on his Foe pursu'd
Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall; or rage
Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* disespous'd,
Or *Neptun's* ire or *Juno's*, that so long
Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea's* Son;
If answerable style I can obtaine
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires
Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
Since first this Subject for Heroic Song
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;
Not sedulous by Nature to indite
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument
Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,
Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,
Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgious Knights
At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast
Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;
The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
Not that which justly gives Heroic name
To Person or to Poem. Mee of these
Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument
Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,

Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.
The Sun was ſunk, and after him the Starr
Of *Heſperus*, whoſe Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, ſhort Arbiter
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
Nights Hemiſphere had veild the Horizon round:
When *Satan* who late fled before the threats
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On mans deſtruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himſelf, fearleſs return'd.
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd
From compaſſing the Earth, cautious of day,
Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun deſcri'd
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim
That kept thir watch; thence full of anguiſh driv'n,
The ſpace of ſeven continu'd Nights he rode
With darkneſs, thrice the Equinoctial Line
He circl'd, four times croſs'd the Carr of Night
From Pole to Pole, traverſing each Colure;
On the eighth return'd, and on the Coaſt averſe
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by ſtealth
Found unſuſpected way. There was a place,
Now not, though Sin, not Time, firſt wraught the change,
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradiſe
Into a Gulf ſhot under ground, till part
Roſe up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
In with the River ſunk, and with it roſe
Satan involv'd in riſing Miſt, then ſought
Where to lie hid; Sea he had ſearcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River *Ob*;

Down-

Downward as farr Antartic; and in length
Weſt from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd
At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and *Indus*: thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow ſearch; and with inſpection deep
Conſider'd every Creature, which of all
Moſt opportune might ſerve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent ſuttleſt Beaſt of all the Field.
Him after long debate, irreſolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final ſentence choſe
Fit Veſſel, fitteſt Imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for in the wilie Snake,
Whatever ſleights none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit and native ſuttletie
Proceeding, which in other Beaſts obſerv'd
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward griefe
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd:
O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More juſtly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns
That ſhine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
Light above Light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concentring all thir precious beams
Of ſacred influence: As God in Heav'n
Is Center, yet extends to all, ſo thou
Centring receav'ſt from all thoſe Orbs; in thee,
Not in themſelves, all thir known vertue appeers

Pro-

Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walkt thee round
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crownd,
Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supreame;
Nor hope to be my self less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For onely in destroying I finde ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
In wo then; that destruction wide may range:
To mee shall be the glorie sole among
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he *Almighti*e styl'd, six Nights and Days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before had bin contriving, though perhaps
Not longer then since I in one Night freed
From servitude inglorious welnigh half
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng

Of

Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether ſuch vertue ſpent of old now faild
More Angels to Create, if they at leaſt
Are his Created or to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
Exalted from ſo baſe original,
With Heav'nly ſpoils, our ſpoils: What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his ſeat,
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
Subjected to his ſervice Angel wings,
And flaming Miniſters to watch and tend
Thir earthie Charge: Of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in miſt
Of midnight vapor glide obſcure, and prie
In every Buſh and Brake, where hap may finde
The Serpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazie foulds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With Gods to ſit the higheſt, am now conſtraind
Into a Beaſt, and mixt with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the hight of Deitie aſpir'd;
But what will not Ambition and Revenge
Deſcend to? who aſpires muſt down as low
As high he ſoard, obnoxious firſt or laſt
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter ere long back on it ſelf recoiles;
Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next

Provokes

Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite his Maker rais'd
From duſt: ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.
So ſaying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might finde
The Serpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round ſelf-rowld,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid Shade or diſmal Den,
Not nocent yet, but on the graſſie Herbe
Fearleſs unfeard he ſlept: in at his Mouth
The Devil enterd, and his brutal ſenſe,
In heart or head, poſſeſſing ſoon inſpir'd
With act intelligential; but his ſleep
Diſturbd not, waiting cloſe th' approach of Morn.
Now whenas ſacred Light began to dawne
In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathd
Thir morning Incenſe, when all things that breath,
From th' Earths great Altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his Noſtrils fill
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
And joynd thir vocal Worſhip to the Quire
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
The ſeaſon, prime for ſweeteſt Sents and Aires:
Then commune how that day they beſt may ply
Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew
The hands diſpatch of two Gardning ſo wide.
And *Eve* firſt to her Husband thus began.
Adam, well may we labour ſtill to dreſs
This Garden, ſtill to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.

Our

Our pleaſant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by reſtraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now adviſe
Or hear what to my mind firſt thoughts preſent,
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where moſt needs, whether to wind
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
The claſping Ivie where to climb, while I
In yonder Spring of Roſes intermixt
With Myrtle, find what to redreſs till Noon:
For while ſo near each other thus all day
Our task we chooſe, what wonder if ſo near
Looks intervene and ſmiles, or object new
Caſual diſcourſe draw on, which intermits
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.
To whom mild anſwer *Adam* thus return'd.
Sole *Eve*, Aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
Compare above all living Creatures deare,
Well haſt thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd
How we might beſt fulfill the work which here
God hath aſſign'd us, nor of me ſhalt paſs
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, then to ſtudie houſhold good,
And good workes in her Husband to promote.
Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debarr us when we need
Refreſhment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this ſweet intercourſe

Of looks and ſmiles, for ſmiles from Reaſon flow,
To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,
Love not the loweſt end of human life.
For not to irkſom toile, but to delight
He made us, and delight to Reaſon joyn'd. (hands
Theſe paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt
Will keep from Wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt us: But if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yeild.
For ſolitude ſomtimes is beſt ſocietie,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet returne.
But other doubt poſſeſſes me, leaſt harm
Befall thee ſever'd from me; for thou knowſt
What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault; and ſomwhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh and beſt advantage, us aſunder,
Hopeleſs to circumvent us joynd, where each
To other ſpeedie aide might lend at needs;
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our fealtie from God, or to diſturb
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee being, ſtil ſhades thee and protects.
The Wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,
Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her Husband ſtaies,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.
To whom the Virgin Majeſtie of *Eve*,

As

As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſteer compoſure thus reply'd.
Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
That ſuch an Enemie we have, who ſeeks
Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,
And from the parting Angel over-heard
As in a ſhadie nook I ſtood behind,
Juſt then returnd at ſhut of Evening Flours.
But that thou ſhouldſt my firmneſs therfore doubt
To God or thee, becauſe we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fearſt not, being ſuch,
As wee, not capable of death or paine,
Can either not receave, or can repell.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
Can by his fraud be ſhak'n or ſeduc't; (breſt,
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy
Adam, miſsthought of her to thee ſo dear?
To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
For ſuch thou art, from ſin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I diſſuade
Thy abſence from my ſight, but to avoid
Th' attempt it ſelf, intended by our Foe.
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at leaſt aſperſes
The tempted with diſhonour foul, ſuppos'd
Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff
Againſt temptation: thou thy ſelf with ſcorne
And anger wouldſt reſent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: miſdeem not then,
If ſuch affront I labour to avert

From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receave
Access in every Vertue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.
So spake domestick *Adam* in his care
And Matrimonial Love; but *Eve*, who thought
Less attributed to her Faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happie, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integritie: his foul esteeme
Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feard
By us? who rather double honour gaine
From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.

And

And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unaſſaid
Alone, without exterior help ſuſtaind?
Let us not then ſuſpect our happie State
Left ſo imperfet by the Maker wiſe,
As not ſecure to ſingle or combin'd.
Fraile is our happineſs, if this be ſo,
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.
To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd.
O Woman, beſt are all things as the will
Of God ordaind them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfet or deficient left
Of all that he Created, much leſs Man,
Or ought that might his happie State ſecure,
Secure from outward force; within himſelf
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Againſt his will he can receave no harme.
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
Reaſon, is free, and Reaſon he made right,
But bid her well beware, and ſtill erect,
Leaſt by ſome faire appeering good ſurpris'd
She dictate falſe, and miſſinforme the Will
To do what God expreſly hath forbid.
Not then miſtruſt, but tender love enjoynes,
That I ſhould mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we ſubſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve,
Since Reaſon not impoſſibly may meet
Some ſpecious object by the Foe ſuborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtrict'eſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
Were better, and moſt likelie if from mee
Thou ſever not: Trial will come unſought.

Wouldſt

Wouldſt thou approve thy conſtancie, approve
Firſt thy obedience; th'other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted, who atteſt?
But if thou think, trial unſought may finde
Us both ſecurer then thus warnd thou ſeemſt,
Go; for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, relie
On what thou haſt of vertue, ſummon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So ſpake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, repli'd.
With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarnd
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touchd onely, that our trial, when leaſt ſought,
May finde us both perhaps farr leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I goe, nor much expect
A Foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.
Thus ſaying, from her Husbands hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or *Dryad*, or of *Delia*'s Traine,
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia*'s ſelf
In gate ſurpaſs'd and Goddeſs-like deport,
Though not as ſhee with Bow and Quiver armd,
But with ſuch Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire had formd, or Angels brought.
To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adornd,
Likeſt ſhe ſeemd, *Pomona* when ſhe fled
Vertumnus, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,
Yet Virgin of *Proſerpina* from *Jove*.
Her long with ardent look his Eye purſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.

Oft

Oft he to her his charge of quick returne
Repeated, ſhee to him as oft engag'd
To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or Afternoons repoſe.
O much deceav'd, much failing, hapleſs *Eve*,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that houre in Paradiſe
Foundſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe;
Such ambuſh hid among ſweet Flours and Shades
Waited with helliſh rancor imminent
To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back
Deſpoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliſs.
For now, and ſince firſt break of dawne the Fiend,
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his Queſt, where likelieſt he might finde
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them
The whole included Race, his purpoſd prey.
In Bowre and Field he ſought, where any tuft
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleaſant lay,
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
By Fountain or by ſhadie Rivulet
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
Eve ſeparate, he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd, when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, *Eve* ſeparate he ſpies,
Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half ſpi'd, ſo thick the Roſes bushing round
About her glowd, oft ſtooping to ſupport
Each Flour of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or ſpeckt with Gold, (gay
Hung drooping unſuſtaind, them ſhe upſtaies
Gently

Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.
Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of statelieſt Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:
Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renownd
Alcinous, host of old *Laertes* Son,
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse.
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.
As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sounds;
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look summs all Delight.
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*
Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
Of gesture or lest action overawd
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:

That

That ſpace the Evil one abſtracted ſtood
From his own evil, and for the time remaind
Stupidly good, of enmitie diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
Though in mid Heav'n, ſoon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees
Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites.
Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what ſweet
Compulſion thus tranſported to forget
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradiſe for Hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſure to deſtroy,
Save what is in deſtroying, other joy
To me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs
Occaſion which now ſmiles, behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whoſe higher intellectual more I ſhun,
And ſtrength, of courage hautie, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terreſtrial mould,
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; ſo much hath Hell debas'd, and paine
Infeebl'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love
And beautie, not approacht by ſtronger hate,
Hate ſtronger, under ſhew of Love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So ſpake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd

In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
Addreſs'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his reare,
Circular baſe of riſing foulds, that tour'd
Fould above fould a ſurging Maze, his Head
Creſted aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
With burniſht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidſt his circling Spires, that on the graſs
Floted redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape,
And lovely, never ſince of Serpent kind
Lovelier, not thoſe that in *Illyria* chang'd
Hermione and *Cadmus*, or the God
In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transformd
Ammonian Jove, or *Capitoline* was ſeen,
Hee with *Olympias*, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought acceſs, but feard
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his way.
As when a Ship by skilful Stearſman wrought
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
Veres oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her Saile;
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine
Curld many a wanton wreath in ſight of *Eve*,
To lure her Eye; ſhee buſied heard the ſound
Of ruſling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the Field,
From every Beaſt, more duteous at her call,
Then at *Circean* call the Herd diſguis'd.
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her ſtood;
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd
His turret Creſt, and ſleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.

His

His gentle dumb expreſſion turnd at length
The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal Air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
Wonder not, ſovran Miſtreſs, if perh aps
Thou canſt, who art ſole Wonder, much leſs arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate, I thus ſingle, nor have feard
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker faire,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celeſtial Beautie adore
With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld
Where univerſally admir'd; but here
In this encloſure wild, theſe Beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcerne
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee? (and what is one?) who ſhouldſt be
A Goddeſs among Gods, ador'd and ſerv'd (ſeen
By Angels numberleſs, thy daily Train.
So gloz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,
Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
By Tongue of Brute, and human ſenſe expreſt?
The firſt at leſt of theſe I thought deni'd
To Beaſts, whom God on thir Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulat ſound;
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks

Much reaſon, and in thir actions oft appeers.
Thee, Serpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and ſay,
How cam'ſt thou ſpeakable of mute, and how
To me ſo friendly grown above the reſt
Of brutal kind, that daily are in ſight?
Say, for ſuch wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empreſs of this fair World, reſplendent *Eve*,
Eaſie to mee it is to tell thee all
What thou commandſt, and right thou ſhouldſt be obeyd:
I was at firſt as other Beaſts that graze
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food diſcern'd
Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly Tree farr diſtant to behold
Loaden with fruit of faireſt colours mixt,
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughes a ſavorie odour blow'n,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my ſenſe
Then ſmell of ſweeteſt Fenel, or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Even,
Unſuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.
To ſatisfie the ſharp deſire I had
Of taſting thoſe fair Apples, I reſolv'd
Not to deferr; hunger and thirſt at once,
Powerful perſwaders, quick'nd at the ſcent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me ſo keene.
About the Moſſie Trunk I wound me ſoon,
For high from ground the branches would require

Thy

Thy utmoſt reach or *Adams*: Round the Tree
All other Beaſts that ſaw, with like deſire
Longing and envying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I ſpar'd not, for ſuch pleaſure till that hour
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceave
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reaſon in my inward Powers, and Speech
Wanted not long, though to this ſhape retaind.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Conſiderd all things viſible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy Divine
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
United I beheld; no Fair to thine
Equivalent or ſecond, which compel'd
Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip thee of right declar'd
Sovran of Creatures, univerſal Dame.
So talk'd the ſpirited ſly Snake; and *Eve*
Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraiſing leaves in doubt
The vertue of that Fruit, in thee firſt prov'd:
But ſay, where grows the Tree, from hence how (far?
For many are the Trees of God that grow
In Paradiſe, and various, yet unknown
To us, in ſuch abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater ſtore of Fruit untoucht,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men

Grow

Grow up to thir proviſion, and more hands
Help to diſburden Nature of her Bearth.
To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
Empreſs, the way is readie, and not long,
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
Faſt by a Fountain, one ſmall Thicket paſt
Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither ſoon.
Lead then, ſaid *Eve*. Hee leading ſwiftly rowld
In tangles, and make intricate ſeem ſtrait,
To miſchief ſwift. Hope elevates, and joy
Bright'ns his Creſt, as when a wandring Fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
Condenſes, and the cold invirons round,
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil Spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with deluſive Light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour farr.
So gliſter'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when ſhe ſaw, thus to her guide ſhe ſpake.
Serpent, we might have ſpar'd our coming hither,
Fruitleſs to me, though Fruit be here to exceſs,
The credit of whoſe vertue reſt with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cauſe of ſuch effects.
But of this Tree we may not taſte nor touch;
God ſo commanded, and left that Command
Sole Daughter of his voice; the reſt, we live
Law to our ſelves, our Reaſon is our Law.

To

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.
Indeed? hath God then ſaid that of the Fruit
Of all theſe Garden Trees ye ſhall not eate,
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?
To whom thus *Eve* yet ſinleſs. Of the Fruit
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidſt
The Garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eate
Thereof, nor ſhall ye touch it, leaſt ye die. (bold
She ſcarſe had ſaid, though brief, when now more
The Tempter, but with ſhew of Zeale and Love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuats diſturbd, yet comely, and in act
Rais'd, as of ſom great matter to begin.
As when of old ſom Orator renound
In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence
Flouriſhd, ſince mute, to ſom great cauſe addreſt,
Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Somtimes in highth began, as no delay
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
So ſtanding, moving, or to highth upgrown
The Tempter all impaſſiond thus began.
O Sacred, Wiſe, and Wiſdom-giving Plant,
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power
Within me cleere, not onely to diſcerne
Things in thir Cauſes, but to trace the wayes
Of higheſt Agents, deemd however wiſe.
Queen of this Univerſe, doe not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of Death; ye ſhall not Die:
How ſhould ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life

To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,
Mee who have touch'd and taſted, yet both live,
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.
Shall that be ſhut to Man, which to the Beaſt
Is open? or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty Treſpaſs, and not praiſe
Rather your dauntleſs vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunnd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be juſt;
Not juſt, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:
Your feare it ſelf of Death removes the feare.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worſhippers; he knows that in the day
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that ſeem ſo cleere,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfetly be then
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye ſhall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
That ye ſhould be as Gods, ſince I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.
So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wiſht, (bring.
Though threat'nd, which no worſe then this can
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe

On

On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I queſtion it, for this fair Earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that Man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart againſt his will if all be his?
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
In heav'nly breſts? theſe, theſe and many more
Cauſes import your need of this fair Fruit.
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.
He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too eaſie entrance won:
Fixt on the Fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſwaſive words, impregn'd
With Reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with Truth;
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavorie of that Fruit, which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,
Sollicited her longing eye; yet firſt
Pauſing a while, thus to her ſelf ſhe mus'd.
Great are thy Vertues, doubtleſs, beſt of Fruits,
Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The Tongue not made for Speech to ſpeak thy
Thy praiſe hee alſo who forbids thy uſe, (praiſe:

Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denid
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to feare
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of Law or Penalie?
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat

Sighing

Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fansied so, through expectation high
Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.
Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating Death: Satiate at length,
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.
O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
In Paradise, of operation blest
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envie what they cannot give;
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind
In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch

Our great Forbidder, ſafe with all his Spies
About him. But to *Adam* in what ſort
Shall I appeer? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with mee, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power
Without Copartner? ſo to add what wants
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſireable, ſomtime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have ſeen,
And Death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I reſolve,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.
So ſaying, from the Tree her ſtep ſhe turnd,
But firſt low Reverence don, as to the power
That dwelt within, whoſe preſence had infus'd
Into the plant ſcientiall ſap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
Of choiceſt Flours a Garland to adorne
Her Treſſes, and her rural labours crown
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harveſt Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of ſomthing ill,
Miſgave him; hee the faultring meaſure felt;

And forth to meet her went, the way ſhe took
That Morn when firſt they parted; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he muſt paſs, there he her met,
Scarſe from the Tree returning; in her hand
A bough of faireſt fruit that downie ſmil'd,
New gatherd, and ambroſial ſmell diffus'd.
To him ſhe haſted, in her face excuſe
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,
Which with bland words at will ſhe thus addreſt.
Haſt thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my ſtay?
Thee I have miſst, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy preſence, agonie of love till now
Not felt, nor ſhall be twice, for never more
Mean I to trie, what raſh untri'd I ſought,
The paine of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
Hath bin the cauſe, and wonderful to heare:
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger taſted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taſte;
And hath bin taſted ſuch: the Serpent wiſe,
Or not reſtraind as wee, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth
Endu'd with human voice and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration, and with mee
Perſwaſively hath ſo prevaild, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond, opener mine Eyes,
Dimm erſt, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe.

For

For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs,
Tedious, unſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therfore alſo taſte, that equal Lot
May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
Leaſt thou not taſting, different degree
Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce
Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.
Thus *Eve* with Countnance blithe her ſtorie told;
But in her Cheek diſtemper flushing glowd.
On th' other ſide, *Adam*, ſoon as he heard
The fatal Treſpaſs don by *Eve*, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood and Blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood and pale, till thus at length
First to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.
O faireſt of Creation, laſt and beſt
Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be formd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt, how on a ſudden loſt,
Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how haſt thou yeelded to tranſgreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance, how to violate
The ſacred Fruit forbidd'n! ſom curſed fraud
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to Die;
How can I live without thee, how forgoe
Thy ſweet Converſe and Love ſo dearly joyn'd,
To live again in theſe wilde Woods forlorn?

Should

Should God create another *Eve*, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Fleſh of Fleſh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.
So having ſaid, as one from ſad diſmay
Recomforted, and after thoughts diſturbd
Submitting to what ſeemd remedileſs,
Thus in calme mood his Words to *Eve* he turnd.
Bold deed thou haſt preſum'd, adventrous *Eve*,
And peril great provok't, who thus haſt dar'd
Had it bin onely coveting to Eye
That ſacred Fruit, ſacred to abſtinence,
Much more to taſte it under banne to touch.
But paſt who can recall, or don undoe?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
Is not ſo hainous now, foretaſted Fruit,
Profan'd firſt by the Serpent, by him firſt
Made common and unhallowd ere our taſte;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou ſaidſt, and gaines to live as Man
Higher degree of Life, inducement ſtrong
To us, as likely taſting to attaine
Proportional aſcent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wiſe,
Though threatning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd ſo high,
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt faile,

Dependent

Dependent made; ſo God ſhall uncreate,
Be fruſtrate, do, undo, and labour looſe,
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
Us to abolish, leaſt the Adverſary
Triumph and ſay; Fickle their State whom God
Moſt Favors, who can pleaſe him long? Mee firſt
He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of ſcorne, not to be given the Foe.
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
Conſort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our State cannot be ſeverd, we are one,
One Fleſh; to looſe thee were to looſe my ſelf.
So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd.
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
Illuſtrious evidence, example high!
Ingaging me to emulate, but ſhort
Of thy perfection, how ſhall I attaine,
Adam, from whoſe deare ſide I boaſt me ſprung,
And gladly of our Union heare thee ſpeak,
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good prooff
This day affords, declaring thee reſolvd,
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
Shall ſeparate us, linkt in Love ſo deare,
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,
If any be, of taſting this fair Fruit,
Whoſe vertue, for of good ſtill good proceeds,
Direct, or by occaſion hath preſented

This

This happie trial of thy Love, which elſe
So eminently never had bin known.
Were it I thought Death menac't would enſue
This my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
The worſt, and not perſwade thee, rather die
Deſerted, then oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly aſſur'd
Remarkably ſo late of thy ſo true,
So faithful Love unequald; but I feel
Farr otherwiſe th' event, not Death, but Life
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,
Taſte ſo Divine, that what of ſweet before
Hath toucht my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh.
On my experience, *Adam*, freely taſte,
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.
So ſaying, ſhe embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
Had ſo enobl'd, as of choice to incurr
Divine diſpleaſure for her ſake, or Death.
In recompence (for ſuch compliance bad
Such recompence beſt merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he ſcrupl'd not to eat
Againſt his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a ſecond groan,
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, ſom ſad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original; while *Adam* took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd, the more to ſoothe

Him with her lov'd societie, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel
Divinitie within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit
Farr other operation first displaid,
Carnal desire enflaming, hee on *Eve*
Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:
Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.
Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And Palate call judicious; I the praise
Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious Fare;
For never did thy Beautie since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so enflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of *Eve*, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd

He

He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,
The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
That with exhilerating vapour bland
About thir spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds
How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guiltie shame he cover'd, but his Robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the *Danite* strong
Herculean Samson from the Harlot lap
Of *Philistean Dalilah*, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare
Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face
Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,
Till *Adam*, though not less than *Eve* abasht,
At length gave utterance to these words constraind.
O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give eare
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes

Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil, Good loſt, and Evil got,
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
Our wonted Ornaments now ſoild and ſtaind,
And in our Faces evident the ſignes
Of foul concupiſcence; whence evil ſtore;
Even ſhame, the laſt of evils; of the firſt
Be ſure then. How ſhall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, earſt with joy
And rapture ſo oft beheld? thoſe heav'nly ſhapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
Inſufferably bright. O might I here
In ſolitude live ſavage, in ſome glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt Woods impenetrable
To Starr or Sun-light, ſpread thir umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee them more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
What beſt may for the preſent ſerve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
To ſhame obnoxious, and unſeemlieſt ſeen,
Some Tree whoſe broad ſmooth Leaves together ſowd,
And girded on our loyns, may cover round
Thoſe middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counſel'd hee, and both together went
Into the thickeſt Wood, there ſoon they choſe
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
But ſuch as at this day to *Indians* known

In

In *Malabar* or *Decan* ſpreds her Armes
Braunching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard ſhade
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;
There oft the *Indian* Herdſman ſhunning heate
Shelters in coole, and tends his paſturing Herds
At Loopholes cut through thickeſt ſhade: Thoſe
They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe, (Leaves
And with what skill they had, together ſowd,
To gird thir waſte, vain Covering if to hide
Thir guilt and dreaded ſhame; O how unlike
To that firſt naked Glorie. Such of late
Columbus found th' *American* ſo girt
With featherd Cincture, naked elſe and wilde
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir ſhame in part
Coverd, but not at reſt or eaſe of Mind,
They ſate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worſe within
Began to riſe, high Paſſions, Anger, Hate,
Miſtruſt, Suſpicion, Diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once
And full of Peace, now toſt and turbulent:
For Underſtanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, both in ſubjection now
To ſenſual Appetite, who from beneathe
Uſurping over ſovran Reaſon claimd
Superior ſway: From thus diſtemperd breſt,
Adam, eſtrang'd in look and alterd ſtile,
Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renewd.
Would thou hadſt hearkn'd to my words, & ſtai'd
With

With me, as I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
Deſire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
I know not whence poſſeſsd thee; we had then
Remaind ſtill happie, not as now, deſpoild
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miſerable.
Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to approve
The Faith they owe; when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.
To whom ſoon mov'd with touch of blame thus
What words have paſt thy Lips, *Adam* ſevere, (*Eve.*
Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will,
Of wandering, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,
Or to thy ſelf perhaps: hadſt thou bin there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldſt not have diſcernd
Fraud in the Serpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmitie between us known,
Why hee ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harme.
Was I to have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a liveleſs Rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou the Head
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaiſt?
Too facil then thou didſt not much gainſay,
Nay, didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou bin firm and fixt in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with mee.
To whom then firſt incenſt *Adam* repli'd.
Is this the Love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, expreſt,
Immutable when thou wert loſt, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliſs.

Yet

Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:
And am I now upbraided, as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking Enemie
That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,
And force upon free Will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to finde
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue
That errour now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning
And of thir vain contest appear'd no end.

The end of the Eighth Book.

PARA-

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

MEanwhile the hainous and deſpightfull act
Of *Satan* done in Paradiſe, and how
Hee in the Serpent had perverted *Eve*,
Her Husband ſhee, to taſte the fatall fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can ſcape the Eye
Of God All-ſeeing, or deceave his Heart
Omniſcient, who in all things wiſe and juſt,
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde
Of Man, with ſtrength entire, and free Will arm'd,
Complete to have diſcover'd and repulſt
Whatever wiles of Foe or ſeeming Friend.
For ſtill they knew, and ought to have ſtill remem-
The high Injunction not to taſte that Fruit, (ber'd
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd

Incurr'd, what could they leſs, the penaltie,
And manifold in ſin, deſerv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradiſe in haſt
Th' Angelic Guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For Man, for of his ſtate by this they knew,
Much wondring how the ſubtle Fiend had ſtoln
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard, dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time Celeſtial viſages, yet mixt
With pitie, violated not thir bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream
Accountable made haſte to make appear
With righteous plea, thir utmoſt vigilance,
And eaſily approv'd; when the moſt High
Eternal Father from his ſecret Cloud,
Amidſt in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.
Aſſembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unſucceſsful charge, be not diſmaid,
Nor troubl'd at theſe tidings from the Earth,
Which your ſincereſt care could not prevent,
Foretold ſo lately what would come to paſs,
When firſt this Tempter croſs'd the Gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he ſhould prevail and ſpeed
On his bad Errand, Man ſhould be ſeduc't
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Againſt his Maker; no Decree of mine
Concurring to neceſſitate his Fall,
Or touch with lighteſt moment of impulſe
His free Will, to her own inclining left

In even ſcale. But fall'n he is, and now
What reſts, but that the mortal Sentence paſs
On his tranſgreſſion, Death denounc't that day,
Which he preſumes already vain and void,
Becauſe not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By ſome immediate ſtroak; but ſoon ſhall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Juſtice ſhall not return as bountie ſcorn'd.
But whom ſend I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or (Hell.
Eaſie it may be ſeen that I intend
Mercie collegue with Juſtice, ſending thee
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his deſign'd
Both Ranſom and Redeemer voluntarie,
And deſtin'd Man himſelf to judge Man fall'n.
So ſpake the Father, and unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full
Reſplendent all his Father manifeſt
Expreſs'd, and thus divinely anſwer'd milde.
Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd
Mayſt ever reſt well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth theſe thy tranſgreſſors, but thou knowſt,
Whoever judg'd, the worſt on mee muſt light,
When time ſhall be, for ſo I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom
On me deriv'd, yet I ſhall temper ſo
Juſtice with Mercie, as may illuſtrate moſt

Them

Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none
Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law.
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.
Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,
Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of Gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low (wing'd.
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The Evning coole when he from wrauth more
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both (coole
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.
Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertaind with solitude,
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though first
To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;

Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And ſhame, and perturbation, and deſpaire,
Anger, and obſtinacie, and hate, and guile.
Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus anſwer'd brief.
I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
Affraid, being naked, hid my ſelf. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.
My voice thou oft haſt heard, and haſt not fear'd,
But ſtill rejoyc't, how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? haſt thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou ſhouldſt not eat?
To whom thus *Adam* ſore beſet repli'd.
O Heav'n! in evil ſtrait this day I ſtand
Before my Judge, either to undergoe
My ſelf the total Crime, or to accuſe
My other ſelf, the partner of my life;
Whoſe failing, while her Faith to me remaines,
I ſhould conceal, and not expoſe to blame
By my complaint; but ſtrict neceſſitie
Subdues me, and calamitous conſtraint,
Leaſt on my head both ſin and puniſhment,
However inſupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though ſhould I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldſt eaſily detect what I conceale.
This Woman whom thou mad'ſt to be my help,
And gav'ſt me as thy perfet gift, ſo good,
So fit, ſo acceptable, ſo Divine,
That from her hand I could ſuſpect no ill,
And what ſhe did, whatever in it ſelf,
Her doing ſeem'd to juſtifie the deed;

Shee

Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.
To whom the ſovran Preſence thus repli'd.
Was ſhee thy God, that her thou didſt obey
Before his voice, or was ſhee made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou did'ſt reſigne thy Manhood, and the Place
Wherein God ſet thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whoſe perfection farr excell'd
Hers in all real dignitie: Adornd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
Were ſuch as under Government well ſeem'd,
Unſeemly to beare rule, which was thy part
And perſon, had'ſt thou known thy ſelf aright.
So having ſaid, he thus to *Eve* in few:
Say Woman, what is this which thou haſt done?
To whom ſad *Eve* with ſhame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confeſſing ſoon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abaſht repli'd.
The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transferre
The Guilt on him who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his Creation; juſtly then accurſt,
As vitiated in Nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man (ſince he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at laſt
To Satan firſt in ſin his doom apply'd,
Though in myſterious terms, judg'd as then beſt:
And on the Serpent thus his curſe let fall.

Becauſe

Becauſe thou haſt done this; thou art accurſt
Above all Cattel, each Beaſt of the Field;
Upon thy Belly groveling thou ſhalt goe,
And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy Life.
Between Thee and the Woman I will put
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;
Her Seed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe his heel.
So ſpake this Oracle, then verifi'd
When *Jeſus* ſon of *Mary* ſecond *Eve*,
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the Aire; then riſing from his Grave
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht
In open ſhew, and with aſcention bright
Captivity led captive through the Aire,
The Realme it ſelf of Satan long uſurpt,
Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet;
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruiſe,
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.
Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiplie
By thy Conception; Childern thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will
Thine ſhall ſubmit, hee over thee ſhall rule.
On *Adam* laſt thus judgement he pronounc'd.
Becauſe thou haſt heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſaying: Thou ſhalt not eate thereof,
Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake, thou in ſorrow
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;
Thornes alſo and Thiſtles it ſhall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou ſhalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,
In the ſweat of thy Face ſhalt thou eate Bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou

Out

Out of the ground waſt taken, know thy Birth,
For duſt thou art, and ſhalt to duſt returne.
So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour ſent,
And th' inſtant ſtroke of Death denounc't that day
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they ſtood
Before him naked to the aire, that now
Muſt ſuffer change, diſdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the forme of ſervant to aſſume,
As when he waſh'd his ſervants feet, ſo now
As Father of his Familie he clad
Thir nakedneſs with Skins of Beaſts, or ſlain,
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins
Of Beaſts, but inward nakedneſs, much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteouſneſs,
Arraying cover'd from his Fathers ſight.
To him with ſwift aſcent he up returnd,
Into his bliſsful boſom reaſſum'd
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had paſt with Man
Recounted, mixing interceſſion ſweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was ſin'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell ſate Sin and Death,
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into *Chaos*, ſince the Fiend paſs'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
O Son, why ſit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his ofspring deare? It cannot be

But

But that ſucceſs attends him; if miſhap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his Avenger, ſince no place like this
Can fit his puniſhment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,
Or ſympathie, or ſom connatural force
Powerful at greateſt diſtance to unite
With ſecret amity things of like kinde
By ſecreteſt conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inſeparable muſt with mee along:
For Death from Sin no power can ſeparate.
But leaſt the difficultie of paſſing back
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe
Impaſſable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal Hoſt,
Eaſing thir paſſage hence, for intercourſe,
Or tranſmigration, as thir lot ſhall lead.
Nor can I miſs the way, ſo ſtrongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and inſtinct.
Whom thus the meager Shadow anſwerd ſoon.
Goe whither Fate and inclination ſtrong
Leads thee, I ſhall not lag behinde, nor erre
The way, thou leading, ſuch' a ſent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taſte
The ſavour of Death from all things there that live:
Nor ſhall I to the work thou enterpriſeſt

Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living Carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,
Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
Wide Anarchie of *Chaos* damp and dark
Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond *Petsora* Eastward, to the rich
Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm
As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look
Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,
And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall

Immoveable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Liberties of *Greece* to yoke,
From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high
Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*
Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd, (waves.
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
Over the vext Abyss, following the track
Of *Satan*, to the self same place where hee
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare
Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* steering
His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:
Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear
Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
Hee, after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk
Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By

By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her Husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire
Sate in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time. With joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of *Chaos*, neer the foot
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't
Met who to meet him came, his Offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.
Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine
Thou art their Author and prime Architect:
For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,
My Heart, which by a secret harmonie
Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy
Now also evidence, but straight I felt (looks
Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet
That I must after thee with this thy Son;
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure

Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd
To fortifie thus farr, and overlay
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.
Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd
With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd
Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
Of all things, parted by th' Empyreal bounds,
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.
Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'ns Almightie King)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious Work, & made one Realm
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
You two this way, among those numerous Orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;

There

There dwell & Reign in bliss; thence on the Earth
Dominion exercise and in the Aire,
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My Substitutes I send ye, and Create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell
No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.
So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed
Thir course thro thickest Constellations held
Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
Then suffered. Th' other way *Satan* went down
The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side
Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaimd,
And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all
Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls
Of *Pandemonium*, Citie and proud seate
Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion calld,
Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond.
There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the
In Council sate, sollicitous what chance (Grand
Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.

As

As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe
By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines
Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophi from the borner
Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The Realme of *Aladule*, in his retreate
To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*: So these the late
Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark League, reduct in careful Watch
Round this Metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
In shew plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, past, and from the dore
Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible
Ascended his high Throne, which under state
Of richest texture spred, at thoupper end
Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
And shape Starr bright appeard, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng
Bent thir aspects, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Thir mighty Chief return'd: loud was th' acclaimer
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,
Rais'd from thir dark *Divan*, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, returned

Success-

Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,
And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,
As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With perill great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have don, what suffer'd, with what paine
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride
Th' untractable Abysse, plung'd in the wombe
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wilde,
That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
Protesting Fate supreame; thence how I found
The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful,
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happier: Him by fraud I have seduc'd
From his Creator, and the more to increase
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather

Mee

Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Mee and Mankinde; I am to bruise his heel;
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A World who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remaines, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss.
So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Thir universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long
Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to Serpents all as accessories
To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and taile,
Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,
Cerastes horrid, *Hydrus*, and *Elops* drear,
And *Dipsas* (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil

Bedropt

Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Iſle
Ophiuſa) but ſtill greateſt hee the midſt,
Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
Ingenderd in the *Pythian* Vale on ſlime,
Huge *Python*, and his Power no leſs he ſeem'd
Above the reſt ſtill to retain; they all
Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open Field,
Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,
Sublime with expectation when to ſee
In Triumph iſſuing forth their glorious Chief;
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a crowd
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid ſympathie; for what they ſaw,
They felt themſelvs now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as faſt,
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
Catcht by Contagion, like in puniſhment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant,
Turnd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame (ſtood
Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. There
A Grove hard by, ſprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that
VVhich grew in Paradiſe, the bait of *Eve*
Uſed by the Tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
Their earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden Tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or ſhame;
Yet parcht with ſcalding thurſt and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them ſent, could not abſtain,
But on they rouled in heaps, and up the Trees

Climbing, sat thicker then the snakie locks
That curld *Megæra*: greedily they pluck'd
The Fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,
With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion, not as Man (plagu'd
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they
And worn with Famin, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their last shape, permitted, they resum'd,
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduc't.
However some tradition they dispers'd
Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld
Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide-
Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule
Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n
And *Ops*, ere yet *Dictæan Jove* was born.
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began.

Second

Second of *Satan* ſprung, all conquering *Death*,
What thinkſt thou of our Empire now, though earnd
With travail difficult, not better farr
Then ſtil at Hels dark threſhold to have ſate watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy ſelf half ſtarv'd?
Whom thus the Sin-born Monſter anſwerd ſoon.
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradiſe, or Heaven,
There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little ſeems
To ſtuff this Maw, this vaſt unhide-bound Corps.
To whom th' inceſtuous Mother thus repli'd.
Thou therefore on theſe Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours
Feed firſt, on each Beaſt next, and Fiſh, and Fowle,
No homely morſels, and whatever thing
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unſpar'd,
Till I in Man reſiding through the Race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And ſeaſon him thy laſt and ſweeteſt prey.
This ſaid, they both betook them ſeveral wayes,
Both to deſtroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for deſtruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' Almightie ſeeing,
From his tranſcendent Seat the Saints among,
To thoſe bright Orders utterd thus his voice.
See with what heat theſe Dogs of Hell advance
To waſte and havoc yonder VVorld, which I
So fair and good created, and had ſtill
Kept in that ſtate, had not the folly of Man
Let in theſe waſtful Furies; who impute
Folly to mee, ſo doth the Prince of Hell
And his Adherents, that with ſo much eaſe

I ſuffer them to enter and poſſeſs
A place ſo heav'nly, and conniving ſeem
To gratifie my ſcornful Enemies,
That laugh, as if tranſported with ſome fit
Of Paſſion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yeilded up to their miſrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath ſhed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh (burſt
With ſuckt and glutted offal, at one ſling
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleaſing Son,
Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at laſt
Through *Chaos* hurld, obſtruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and ſeal up his ravenous Jawes.
Then Heav'n and Earth renewd ſhall be made pure
To ſanctitie that ſhall receive no ſtaine:
Till then the Curſe pronounc't on both precedes.
Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud
Sung *Hallelujia*, as the ſound of Seas,
Through multitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Deſtin'd reſtorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth ſhall to the Ages riſe,
Or down from Heav'n deſcend. Such was thir ſong,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mightie Angels gave them ſeveral charge,
As ſorted beſt with preſent things. The Sun
Had firſt his precept ſo to move, ſo ſhine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call

Decrepit

Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
Solſtitial ſummers heat. To the blanc Moone
Her office they preſcrib'd, to th' other five
Thir planetarie motions and aſpects
In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Oppoſite*,
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
Thir influence malignant when to ſhowre,
Which of them riſing with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempeſtuous: To the Winds they ſet
Thir corners, when with bluſter to confound
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
Some ſay he bid his Angels turne aſcanſe
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Suns Axle; they with labour puſh'd
Oblique the Centric Globe: Som ſay the Sun
Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
Like diſtant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n
Atlantick Siſters, and the *Spartan* Twins
Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amaine
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change
Of Seaſons to each Clime; elſe had the Spring
Perpetual ſmil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to thoſe
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted ſhon, while the low Sun
To recompence his diſtance, in their ſight
Had rounded ſtill th' *Horizon*, and not known
Or Eaſt or Weſt, which had forbid the Snow
From cold *Eſtotiland*, and South as farr

Beneath

Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit
The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the World
Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,
Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,
Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North
Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar
Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,
Boreas and *Caecias* and *Argestes* loud
And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn;
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds
From *Serraliona*; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* VVindes
Eurus and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,
Sirocco, and *Libecchio*. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:
Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle,
And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
Devourd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with countnance grim
Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,
And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,

Thus

Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.
O miserable of happie! is this the end
Of this new glorious World, and mee so late
The Glory of that Glory, who now becom
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness: yet well, if here would end
The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply*,
Now death to heare! for what can I encrease
Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank *Adam*; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
On mee as on thir natural center light
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woe!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious Garden? as my Will
Concurd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resigne, and render back
All I receav'd, unable to performe

Thy

Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
I thus contest; then should have been refusd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But Natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne:
O welcom hour whenever! why delayes
His hand to execute what his Decree
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Pursues

Purſues me ſtill, leaſt all I cannot die,
Leaſt that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living Death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of Life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life
And ſin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince humane reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth alſo? be it, man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrath without end on Man whom Death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs Death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as Argument
Of weakneſs, not of Power. Will he, draw out,
For anger's ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſht man, to ſatisfie his rigour
Satisfi'd never; that were to extend
His Sentence beyond duſt and Natures Law,
By which all Cauſes elſe according ſtill
To the reception of thir matter act,
Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But ſay
That Death be not one ſtroak, as I ſuppos'd,
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſerie
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution

On my defenſleſs head; both Death and I
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I on my part ſingle, in mee all
Poſteritie ſtands curſt: Fair Patrimonie
That I muſt leave ye, Sons; O were I able
To waſte it all my ſelf, and leave ye none!
So diſinherited how would ye bleſs
Me now your Curſe! Ah, why ſhould all mankind
For one mans fault thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
If guiltleſs? But from mee what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,
Not to do onely, but to will the ſame
With me? how can they acquitted ſtand
In ſight of God? Him after all Diſputes
Forc't I abſolve: all my evaſions vain
And reaſonings, though through Mazes, lead me ſtill
But to my own conviction: firſt and laſt
On mee, mee onely, as the ſourſe and ſpring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrauth. Fond wiſh! couldſt thou ſup-
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear, (port
Then all the World much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou deſir'ſt,
And what thou fearſt, alike deſtroyes all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miſerable
Beyond all paſt example and future,
To *Satan* onely like both crime and doom.
O Conſcience, into what Abyſs of fears
And horrors haſt thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
Thus *Adam* to himſelf lamented loud
Through the ſtill Night, not now, as ere man fell,

Whol-

Wholſom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil Conſcience repreſented
All things with double terror: On the ground
Outſtretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardie execution, ſince denounc't
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice Divine not haſt'n to be juſt?
But Death comes not at call, Juſtice Divine
Mends not her ſloweſt pace for prayers or cries.
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs,
VVith other echo late I taught your Shades
To anſwer, and reſound farr other Song.
VVhom thus afflicted when ſad *Eve* beheld,
Deſolate where ſhe ſate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd:
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.
Out of my ſight, thou Serpent, that name beſt
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy ſelf as falſe
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and colour Serpentine may ſhew
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
Henceforth; leaſt that too heav'nly form, pretended
To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them. But for thee
I had perſiſted happie, had not thy pride
And wandring vanitie, when leſt was ſafe,
Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted, longing to be ſeen
Though by the Devil himſelf, him overweening

To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
With Spirits Masculine, create at last
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,
And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamitie shall cause
To Humane life, and houshold peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,

And

And treſſes all diſorderd, at his feet
Fell humble, and imbracing them, beſaught
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus, *Adam*, witneſs Heav'n
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappilie deceav'd; thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My onely ſtrength and ſtay: forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, ſcarſe one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie
Againſt a Foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred for this miſerie befall'n,
On me already loſt, mee then thy ſelf
More miſerable; both have ſin'd, but thou
Againſt God onely, I againſt God and thee,
And to the place of judgement will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The ſentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe,
Mee mee onely juſt object of his ire.
She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wraught
Commiſeration; ſoon his heart relented
Towards her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs,

Crea-

Creature ſo faire his reconcilement ſeeking,
His counſel whom ſhe had diſpleas'd, his aide;
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her ſoon.
Unwarie, and too deſirous, as before,
So now of what thou knowſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thy ſelf; alas,
Beare thine own firſt, ill able to ſuſtaine
His full wrauth whoſe thou feelſt as yet leſt part,
And my diſpleaſure bearſt ſo ill. If Prayers
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited,
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But riſe, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elſewhere, but ſtrive
In offices of Love, how we may light'n
Each others burden in our ſhare of woe;
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I ſee,
Will prove no ſudden, but a ſlow-pac't evill,
A long days dying to augment our paine,
And to our Seed (O hapleſs Seed!) deriv'd.
To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, repli'd.
Adam, by ſad experiment I know
How little weight my Words with thee can finde,
Found ſo erroneous, thence by juſt event
Found ſo unfortunate; nevertheleſs,
Reſtor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy Love, the ſole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying from thee I will not hide

What

What thoughts in my unquiet breſt are ris'n,
Tending to ſom relief of our extremes,
Or end, though ſharp and ſad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of eaſier choice.
If care of our deſcent perplex us moſt,
Which muſt be born to certain woe, devourd
By Death at laſt, and miſerable it is
To be to others cauſe of miſery.
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring
Into this curſed World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life muſt be at laſt
Food for ſo foule a Monſter, in thy power
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent
The Race unbleſt, to being yet unbegot.
Childleſs thou art, Childleſs remaine:
So Death ſhall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to ſatisfie his Rav'nous Maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces ſweet,
And with deſire to languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire, which would be miſerie
And torment leſs then none of what we dread,
Then both our ſelves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make ſhort,
Let us ſeek Death, or hee not found, ſupply
With our own hands his Office on our ſelves;
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under feares,
That ſhew no end but Death, and have the power,
Of many wayes to die the ſhorteſt chooſing,

Deſtruction

Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy.
She ended heer, or vehement deſpaire
Broke off the reſt; ſo much of Death her thoughts
Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.
But *Adam* with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive minde
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.
Eve, thy contempt of life and pleaſure ſeems
To argue in thee ſomthing more ſublime
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
But ſelf-deſtruction therefore ſaught, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh and regret
For loſs of life and pleaſure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſerie, ſo thinking to evade
The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
Hath wiſelier arm'd his vengeful ire then ſo
To be foreſtall'd; much more I fear leaſt Death
So ſnatcht will not exempt us from the paine
We are by doom to pay; rather ſuch acts
Of contumacie will provoke the higheſt
To make death in us live: Then let us ſeek
Som ſafer reſolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to minde with heed
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed ſhall bruiſe
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unleſs
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Againſt us this deceit: to cruſh his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be loſt

By

By death brought on our ſelves, or childleſs days
Reſolv'd, as thou propoſeſt; ſo our Foe
Shall ſcape his puniſhment ordain'd, and wee
Inſtead ſhall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Againſt our ſelves, and wilful barrenneſs,
That cuts us off from hope, and ſavours onely
Rancor and pride, impatience and deſpite,
Reluctance againſt God and his juſt yoke
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
Immediate diſſolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, ſoon recompenc't with joy,
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curſe aſlope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I muſt earne
My bread; what harm? Idleneſs had bin worſe;
My labour will ſuſtain me; and leaſt Cold
Or Heat ſhould injure us, his timely care
Hath unbeſaught provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
And teach us further by what means to ſhun
Th'inclement Seaſons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Skie with various Face begins
To ſhew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moiſt and keen, ſhattering the graceful locks
Of theſe fair ſpreading Trees; which bids us ſeek

Som better ſhroud, ſom better warmth to cheriſh
Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter ſere foment,
Or by colliſion of two bodies grinde
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
Juſtling or puſht with Winds rude in thir ſhock
Tine the ſlant Lightning, whoſe thwart flame driv'n (down
Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,
And ſends a comfortable heat from farr,
Which might ſupplie the Sun: ſuch Fire to uſe,
And what may elſe be remedie or cure
To evils which our own miſdeeds have wrought,
Hee will inſtruct us praying, and of Grace
Beſeeching him, ſo as we need not fear
To paſs commodiouſly this life, ſuſtain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In duſt, our final reſt and native home.
What better can we do, then to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
VVatering the ground, and with our ſighs the Air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,
VVhen angry moſt he ſeem'd and moſt ſevere,
VVhat elſe but favor, grace, and mercie ſhon?
So ſpake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*
Felt leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place

Re-

Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
VVatering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The End of the Ninth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THus they in lowlieſt plight repentant ſtood
Praying, for from the Mercie-ſeat above
Prevenient Grace deſcending had remov'd
The ſtonie from thir hearts, and made new fleſh
Regenerat grow inſtead, that ſighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inſpir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with ſpeedier flight
Then loudeſt Oratorie: yet thir port
Not of mean ſuiters, nor important leſs
Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair
In Fables old, leſs ancient yet then theſe,
Deucalion and chaſte *Pyrrha* to reſtore
The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine
Of *Themis* ſtood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers
Flew

Flew up, nor miſsd the way, by envious windes
Blow'n vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſsd
Dimentionleſs through Heav'nly dores; then clad
With incenſe, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
By thir great Interceſſor, came in ſight
Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son
Preſenting, thus to intercede began.
See Father, what firſt fruits on Earth are ſprung
From thy implanted Grace in Man, theſe Sighs
And Prayers, which in this Golden Cenſer, mixt
With Incenſe, I thy Prieſt before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy ſeed
Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then thoſe
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
Of Paradiſe could have produc't, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare
To ſupplication, heare his ſighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray let me,
Interpret for him, mee his Advocate
And propitiation, all his works on mee
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit thoſe
Shall perfet, and for theſe my Death ſhall pay.
Accept me, and in mee from theſe receave
The ſmell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at leaſt his days
Numbred, though ſad, till Death, his doom (which I
To mitigate, thus plead, not to revers)
To better life ſhall yeeld him, where with mee
All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliſs,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.
To whom the Father, without Cloud, ſerene.
All thy requeſt for Man, accepted Son,

Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal Elements that know
No gross, no unharmoneous mixture foule,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first
Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endowd, with Happiness
And Immortalitie: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
His final remedie, and after Life
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,
Wak't in the renovation of the just,
Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.
But let us call to Synod all the Blest
Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed, (hide
As how with peccant Angels late they saw;
And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.
He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright Minister that watchd, hee blew
His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general Doom. Th' Angelic blast
Filld all the Regions: from thir blissful Bowrs
Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,

By

By the waters of Life, where ere they ſate
In fellowſhips of joy: the Sons of Light
Haſted, reſorting to the Summons high,
And took thir Seats; till from his Throne ſupream
Th' Almighty thus pronounced his ſovran Will.
O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, ſince his taſte
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boaſt
His knowledge of Good loſt, and Evil got,
Happier, had it ſuffic'd him to have known
Good by it ſelf, and Evil not at all.
He ſorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,
My motions in him, longer then they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Leaſt therefore his now bolder hand
Reach alſo of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at leaſt to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And ſend him from the Garden forth to Till
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter ſoile.
Michael, this my beheſt have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, leaſt the Fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant poſſeſſion ſom new trouble raiſe:
Haſt thee, and from the Paradiſe of God
Without remorſe drive out the ſinful Pair,
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce
To them and to thir Progenie from thence
Perpetual baniſhment. Yet leaſt they faint
At the ſad Sentence rigorouſly urg'd,
For I behold them ſoft'nd and with tears

Bewail-

Bewailing thir excess, all tears not hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale
To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,
As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renewd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the East side of the Garden place,
Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbes,
Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
Leaste Paradise a receptacle prove
To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.
He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd
For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir shape
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those
Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then to drouze,
Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Pastoral Reed
Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
To resalute the World with sacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd
The Earth, when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*
Had ended now thir Orisons, and found,
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt,
Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd.
Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends

But

But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concerne the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,
Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne
Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I sought
By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease,
Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace returnd
Home to my brest, and to my memorie
His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.
To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.
Ill worthie I such title should belong
To me transgressour, who for thee ordaind
A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't
The sourse of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,
Farr other name deserving. But the Field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins

Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Wherere our days work lies, though now enjoind
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.
So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, impresst
On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aerie tour,
Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,
First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;
Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent their flight.
Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake.
O *Eve*, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penaltie, because from death releast
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more.
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground
One way the self-same hour? why in the East
Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light
More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws
O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,

And

And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in *Mahanaim*, where he saw
The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeer'd
In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,
Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize
One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,
Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch
In their bright stand, there left his Powers to seise
Possession of the Garden; hee alone,
To finde where *Adam* shelterd, took his way,
Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,
While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determin, or impose
New Laws to be observ'd; for I descrie
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As *Raphael*, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,

Not in his ſhape Celeſtial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes
A militarie Veſt of purple flowd
Livelier then *Melibœan*, or the graine
Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old
In time of Truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;
His ſtarrie Helme unbuckl'd ſhew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his ſide
As in a gliſtering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,
Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
Adam bowd low, hee Kingly from his State
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.
Adam, Heav'ns high beheſt no Preface needs:
Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs,
Defeated of his ſeiſure many dayes
Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'ſt repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayſt cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;
But longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And ſend thee from the Garden forth to till
The ground whence thou waſt tak'n, fitter Soile.
He added not, for *Adam* at the newes
Heart-ſtrook with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound; *Eve*, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.
O unexſpected ſtroke, worſe then of Death!
Muſt I thus leave thee Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee Native Soile, theſe happie Walks and Shades,

Fit

Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respit of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flours,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adornd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire
Less pure, accustomd to immortal Fruits?
Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.
Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.
Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatterd spirits returnd,
To *Michael* thus his humble words addresid.
Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,

Depar-

Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us not known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To wearie him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more availes then breath against the winde,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many grateful Altars I would reare
Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours:
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd
To life prolongd and promisd Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.
To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.

Adam,

Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth
Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warmd:
All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been
Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spred
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great Progenitor.
But this præeminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy Sons:
Yet doubt not but in Valley and in Plaine
God is as here, and will be found alike
Present, and of his presence many a signe
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal Love, his Face
Express, and of his steps the track Divine.
Which that thou maist believe, and be confirmd,
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
To thee and to thy Offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
By moderation either state to beare,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend

This

This Hill; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slept'st, while Shee to life was formd.
To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turne
My obvious breast, arming to overcom
By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the Visions of God: It was a Hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken
Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,
To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.
His Eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls
Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathajan Can*
And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,
To *Paquin* of *Sinaan* Kings, and thence
To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*
Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where
The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since
In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*
In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less Maritine Kings

Mombaza

Mombaza, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,
And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme
Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fardeſt South;
Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount
The Kingdoms of *Almanſor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,
Marocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremiſen*;
On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to ſway
The VVorld: in Spirit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich *Mexico* the ſeat of *Motezume*,
And *Cuſco* in *Peru*, the richer ſeat
Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unſpoil'd
Guiana, whoſe great Citie *Geryons* Sons
Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler ſights
Michael from *Adams* eyes the Filme remov'd
VVhich that falſe Fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
Had bred; then purg'd with Euphraſie and Rue
The viſual Nerve, for he had much to ſee;
And from the VVell of Life three drops inſtill'd.
So deep the power of theſe Ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight,
That *Adam* now enforc't to cloſe his eyes,
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranſt:
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.
Adam, now ope thine eyes, and firſt behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In ſome to ſpring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conſpir'd,
Nor ſinn'd thy ſin, yet from that ſin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.
His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves

New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;
Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
Rustic, of grassie sord; thither anon
A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.
His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;
The others not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the Midriff with a stone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.
Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart
Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.
O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?
T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.
These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come
Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,
For envie that his Brothers Offering found
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.
Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way

I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou haſt ſeen
In his firſt ſhape on man; but many ſhapes
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
To his grim Cave, all diſmal; yet to ſenſe
More terrible at th' entrance then within.
Some, as thou ſaw'ſt, by violent ſtroke ſhall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth ſhal bring
Diſeaſes dire, of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear; that thou mayſt know
What miſerie th' inabſtinence of *Eve*
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeard, ſad, noyſom, dark,
A Lazar-houſe it ſeemd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd, all maladies
Of gaſtly Spaſm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-ſick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulſions, Epilepſies, fierce Catarrhs,
Inteſtin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,
Dropſies, and Aſthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.
Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans, deſpair
Tended the ſick buſieſt from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delaid to ſtrike, though oft invok't
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.
Sight ſo deform what heart of Rock could long
Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,
Though not of Woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of Man, and gave him up to tears

A ſpace, till firmer thoughts reſtraind exceſs,
And ſcarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O miſerable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched ſtate reſerv'd!
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wreſted from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or ſoon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be ſo diſmiſt in peace. Can thus
Th' Image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faultie ſince,
To ſuch unſightly ſufferings be debas't
Under inhuman pains? Why ſhould not Man,
Retaining ſtill Divine ſimilitude
In part, from ſuch deformities be free,
And for his Makers Image ſake exempt?
Thir Makers Image, anſwerd *Michael*, then
Forſook them, when themſelves they villifi'd
To ſerve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His Image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh vice,
Inductive mainly to the ſin of *Eve*.
Therefore ſo abject is thir puniſhment,
Diſfiguring not Gods likeneſs, but thir own,
Or if his likeneſs, by themſelves defac't
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules
To loathſom ſickneſs, worthily, ſince they
Gods Image did not reverence in themſelves.
I yeild it juſt, ſaid *Adam*, and ſubmit.
But is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painful paſſages, how we may come
To Death, and mix with our connatural duſt?

There

There is, ſaid *Michael*, if thou well obſerve
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eatſt and drinkſt, ſeeking from thence
Due nouriſhment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So maiſt thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
Into thy Mothers lap, or be with eaſe
Gatherd, not harſhly pluckt, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou muſt outlive
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty, which will
To witherd weak & gray; thy Senſes then (change
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forgoe,
To what thou haſt, and for the Aire of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne
A melancholly damp of cold and dry
To waigh thy ſpirits down, and laſt conſume
The Balme of Life. To whom our Anceſtor.
Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Faireſt and eaſieſt of this combrous charge,
Which I muſt keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up. *Michael* to him repli'd.
Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou liv'ſt
Live well, how long or ſhort permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another ſight.
He lookd and ſaw a ſpacious Plaine, whereon
Were Tents of various hue; by ſome were herds
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the ſound
Of Inſtruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd
Thir ſtops and chords was ſeen: his volant touch
Inſtinct through all proportions low and high

Fled

Fled and purſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
In other part ſtood one who at the Forge
Labouring, two maſſie clods of Iron and Braſs
Had melted (whether found where caſual fire
Had waſted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To ſom Caves mouth, or whether waſht by ſtream
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd
Firſt his own Tooles; then, what might elſe be
Fuſil or grav'n in mettle. After theſe, (wrought
But on the hether ſide a different ſort
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir
Down to the Plain deſcended: by thir guiſe (Seat,
Juſt men they ſeemd, and all thir ſtudy bent
To worſhip God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor thoſe things loſt which might preſerve
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
In Gems and wanton dreſs; to the Harp they ſung
Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
Faſt caught, they lik'd, and each his liking choſe;
And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star
Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then firſt to marriage Rites invok't;
With Feaſt and Muſick all the Tents reſound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love & youth not loſt, Songs, Garlands, Flours,

And

And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
Of *Adam*, ſoon enclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of Nature; which he thus expreſs'd.
True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel bleſt,
Much better ſeems this Viſion, and more hope
Of peaceful dayes portends, then thoſe two paſt;
Thoſe were of hate and death, or pain much worſe,
Here Nature ſeems fulfilld in all her ends.
To whom thus *Michael*. Judg not what is beſt
By pleaſure, though to Nature ſeeming meet,
Creatēd, as thou art, to nobler end
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.
Thoſe Tents thou ſawſt ſo pleaſant, were the Tents
Of wickedneſs, wherein ſhall dwell his Race
Who ſlew his Brother; ſtudious they appere
Of Arts that poliſh Life, Inventers rare,
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous ofspring ſhall beget;
For that fair femal Troop thou ſawſt, that ſeemd
Of Goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein conſiſts
Womans domeſtic honour and chief praiſe;
Bred onely and completed to the taſte
Of luſtful appetence, to ſing, to dance,
To dreſs, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye.
To theſe that ſober Race of Men, whoſe lives
Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
Shall yeild up all thir vertue, all thir fame
Ignobly, to the traines and to the ſmiles
Of theſe fair Atheiſts, and now ſwim in joy,
(Erelong to ſwim at larg) and laugh; for which

The world erelong a world of tears muſt weepe.
To whom thus *Adam* of ſhort joy bereft.
O pittie and ſhame, that they who to live well
Enterd ſo faire, ſhould turn aſide to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But ſtill I ſee the tenor of Mans woe
Holds on the ſame, from Woman to begin.
From Mans effeminate ſlackneſs it begins,
Said th' Angel, who ſhould better hold his place
By wiſdome, and ſuperiour gifts receavd.
But now prepare thee for another Scene.
He lookd and ſaw wide Territorie ſpred
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
Concourſ in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould empriſe;
Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd
Both Horſe and Foot, nor idely muſtring ſtood;
One way a Band ſelect from forage drives
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
Thir Bootie; ſcarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
Where Cattel paſtur'd late, now ſcatterd lies
With Carcaſſes and Arms th' enſanguind Field
Deſerted: Others to a Citie ſtrong
Lay Siege, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
Aſſaulting; others from the Wall defend
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and ſulfurous Fire;

On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the ſcepter'd Haralds call
To Council in the Citie Gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
Aſſemble, and Harangues are heard, but ſoon
In factious oppoſition, till at laſt
Of middle Age one riſing, eminent
In wiſe deport, ſpake much of Right and Wrong,
Of Juſtice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
And Judgement from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had ſeiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a Cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence
Unſeen amid the throng: ſo violence
Proceeded, and Oppreſſion, and Sword-Law
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turnd full ſad; O what are theſe,
Deaths Miniſters, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thouſand fould the ſin of him who ſlew
His Brother; for of whom ſuch maſſacher
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?
But who was that Juſt Man, whom had not Heav'n
Reſcu'd, had in his Righteouſneſs bin loſt?
To whom thus *Michael*; Theſe are the product
Of thoſe ill-mated Marriages thou ſaw'ſt;
Where good with bad were matcht, who of themſelves
Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt,
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.
Such were theſe Giants, men of high renown;
For in thoſe dayes Might onely ſhall be admir'd,
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd;

To overcome in Battel, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
The onely righteous in a World perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With Foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious Truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
Did, as thou sawst, receave, to walk with God
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss,
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.
He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,
All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,
To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell;
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire
Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,
And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft
Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,

Triumphs

Triumphs or Feſtivals, and to them preachd
Converſion and Repentance, as to Souls
In priſon under Judgements imminent:
But all in vain: which when he ſaw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
Began to build a Veſſel of huge bulk,
Meaſur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the ſide a dore
Contriv'd, and of proviſions laid in large
For Man and Beaſt: when loe a wonder ſtrange!
Of everie Beaſt, and Bird, and Inſect ſmall
Came ſeavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
Thir order; laſt the Sire, and his three Sons
With thir four Wives; and God made faſt the dore.
Meanwhile the Southwind roſe, & with black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their ſupplie
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moiſt,
Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie
Like a dark Ceeling ſtood; down ruſh'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was ſeen; the floating Veſſel ſwum
Uplifted; and ſecure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings elſe
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without ſhoar; and in thir Palaces
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monſters whelp'd
And ſtabl'd; of Mankind, ſo numerous late,
All left, in one ſmall bottom ſwum imbark't.
How didſt thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold

The end of all thy Ofspring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation; thee another Floud,
Of tears and ſorrow a Floud thee alſo drown'd,
And ſunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou ſtoodſt at laſt,
Though comfortleſs, as when a Father mourns
His Childern, all in view deſtroyd at once;
And ſcarce to th' Angel utterdſt thus thy plaint.
O Viſions ill foreſeen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, ſo had borne
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
Anough to bear; thoſe now, that were diſpenſt
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
With thought that they muſt be. Let no man ſeek
Henceforth to be foretold what ſhall befall
Him or his Childern, evil he may be ſure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And hee the future evil ſhall no leſs
In apprehenſion then in ſubſtance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is paſt,
Man is not whom to warne: thoſe few eſcap't
Famin and anguiſh will at laſt conſume
Wandring that watrie Deſert: I had hope
When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,
All would have then gon well, peace would have crownd
With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was farr deceav'd; for now I ſee
Peace to corrupt no leſs then Warr to waſte.
How comes it thus? unfould, Celeſtial Guide,
And whether here the Race of man will end.

To

To whom thus *Michael*. Thoſe whom laſt thou ſawſt
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
Firſt ſeen in acts of proweſs eminent
And great exploits, but of true vertu void;
Who having ſpilt much blood, and don much waſte
Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change thir courſe to pleaſure, eaſe, and ſloth,
Surfet, and luſt, till wantonneſs and pride
Raiſe out of friendſhip hoſtil deeds in Peace.
The conquerd alſo, and enſlav'd by Warr
Shall with thir freedom loſt all vertu looſe
And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd
In ſharp conteſt of Battel found no aide
Againſt invaders; therefore coold in zeale
Thenceforth ſhall practice how to live ſecure,
Worſdlie or diſſolute, on what thir Lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth ſhall bear
More then anough, that temperance may be tri'd:
So all ſhall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
Juſtice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
One Man except, the onely Son of light
In a dark Age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a World
Offended; fearleſs of reproach and ſcorn,
Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes
Shall them admoniſh, and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
On thir impenitence; and ſhall returne
Of them derided, but of God obſervd
The one juſt Man alive; by his command

Shall

Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldſt,
To ſave himſelf and houſhold from amidſt
A World devote to univerſal rack.
No ſooner hee with them of Man and Beaſt
Select for life ſhall in the Ark be lodg'd,
And ſhelterd round, but all the Cataracts
Of Heav'n ſet open on the Earth ſhall powre
Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the Ocean to uſurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt Hills: then ſhall this Mount
Of Paradiſe by might of Waves be moovd
Out of his place, puſhd by the horned floud,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root an Iland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No ſanctitie, if none be thither brought
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further ſhall enſue, behold.
He lookd, and ſaw the Ark hull on the floud,
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;
And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glaſs
Gaz'd hot, and of the freſh Wave largely drew,
As after thirſt, which made thir flowing ſhrink
From ſtanding lake to tripping ebbe, that ſtole
With ſoft foot towards the deep, who now had
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows ſhut. (ſtopt
The Ark no more now flotes, but ſeems on ground
Faſt

Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his Bill
An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe:
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou that future things canst represent
As present, Heav'nly instructer, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.
Farr less I now lament for one whole World
Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce
For one Man found so perfet and so just,
That God voutsafes to raise another World
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,
Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,
Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,
Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth? To

To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
Though late repenting him of Man depraved,
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each thirway; yet those removed,
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.
Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;
And Man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave
Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second sourse of Men, while yet but few;
And while the dread of judgement past remains
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,

Oft

Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)
With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;
And from Rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of Rebellion others he accuse.
Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall finde
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n:
And get themselves a name, least far dispers't
In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through thir habitations walks
To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower

Obſtruct Heav'n Towrs, and in deriſion ſets
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to raſe
Quite out thir Native Language, and inſtead
To ſow a jangling noiſe of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble riſes loud
Among the Builders; each to other calls
Not underſtood, till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mockt they ſtorm; great laughter was in Heav'n
And looking down, to ſee the hubbub ſtrange
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confuſion nam'd.
Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly diſpleas'd.
O execrable Son ſo to aſpire
Above his Brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
Authoritie uſurpt, from God not giv'n:
He gave us onely over Beaſt, Fiſh, Fowl
Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but Man over men
He made not Lord; ſuch title to himſelf
Reſerving, human left from human free.
But this Uſurper his encroachment proud
Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to ſuſtain
Himſelf and his raſh Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gnaw,
And famiſh him of Breath, if not of Bread?
To whom thus *Michael*. Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
That Son, who on the quiet ſtate of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to ſubdue
Rational Libertie; yet know withall,
Since thy original lapſe, true Libertie

Is lost, which always with right Reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart Passions catch the Government
From Reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annext
Deprives them of their outward libertie,
Their inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted wayes;
And one peculiar Nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men

(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,
His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mightie Nation, and upon him showre
His benediction so, that in his Seed
All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile
Ur of *Chaldaa*, passing now the Ford
To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine
Of *Moreh*; there by promise he receaves
Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;
From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South
(Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,
Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare
Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth

Shall

Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveald. This Patriarch blest,
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs
From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the River *Nile*;
See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouthes
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land
He comes invited by a younger Son
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that Realme
Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race
Growing into a Nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks
To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land,
But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
To know thir God, or message to regard,
Must be compelled by Signes and Judgements dire;
To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,
Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,
Botches

Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,
And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,
Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie
And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rouls;
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
A dark som Cloud of Locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
This River-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
More hard'ned after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
As on drie land between two christal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shoar:
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
By day a Cloud, by night a pillar of Fire,
To guide them in thir journey, and remove
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues:
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
Then through the Fiery Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his Host
And craze their Chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent Rod extends

Over

Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
On thir imbattelld ranks the Waves return,
And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect
Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance
Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,
Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarmd
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare
Return them back to *Egypt*, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untraind in Armes, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by thir delay
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind:
God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine
To civil Justice, part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadowes, of that destind Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech
That *Moses* might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants them thir desire,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high Office now
Moses in figure beares, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times

Of

Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
Establisht, such delight hath God in Men
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:
By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
The Records of his Cov'nant, over these
A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing
The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,
Save when they journie, and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel to the Land
Promisd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the rest
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,
Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,
And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,
Till *Israel* overcome; so call the third
From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.
Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveald, those chiefly which concerne
Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I finde
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom

Of

Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
So many and so various Laws are giv'n;
So many Laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?
To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
Some bloud more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousnes
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
Justification towards God, and peace
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
From imposition of strict Laws, to free
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God

Highly belov'd, being but the Minister
Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;
But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call,
His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
The adversarie Serpent, and bring back
Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt thir public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies:
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom
The second, both for pietie renownd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock
Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise
A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust
All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,
The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.
Such follow him, as shall be registerd
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,
Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults
Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,

Thir

Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark
With all his ſacred things, a ſcorn and prey
To that proud Citie, whoſe high Walls thou ſaw'ſt
Left in confuſion, *Babylon* thence call'd.
There in captivitie he lets them dwell
The ſpace of ſeventie years, then brings them back,
Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant ſworn
To *David*, ſtabliſht as the dayes of Heav'n.
Returnd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings
Thir Lords, whom God diſpos'd, the houſe of God
They firſt re-edifie, and for a while
In mean eſtate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But firſt among the Prieſts diſſenſion ſprings,
Men who attend the Altar, and ſhould moſt
Endeavour Peace: thir ſtrife pollution brings
Upon the Temple it ſelf: at laſt they ſeiſe
The Scepter, and regard not *Davids* Sons,
Then looſe it to a ſtranger, that the true
Anointed King *Meſſiah* might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr
Unſeen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,
And guides the Eaſtern Sages, who enquire
His place, to offer Incenſe, Myrrh, and Gold;
His place of birth a ſolemn Angel tells
To ſimple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haſte, and by a Quire
Of ſquadrond Angels hear his Carol ſung.
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The Power of the moſt High; he ſhall aſcend
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.
O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steddiest thoughts have searcht in
Why our great expectation should be call'd (vain,
The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
Of God most High; So God with man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal paine: say where and when
Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.
To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of thir fight,
As of a Duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Thy enemie; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works
In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
On penaltie of death, and suffering death,
The penaltie to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high Justice rest appaid.
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love, though love

Alone

Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaming Life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
To save them, not thir own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemnd
A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life;
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,
The Law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives, Death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,
His death for Man, as many as offerd Life
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
By Faith not void of workes: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength
Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,
And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.

Nor

Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer
To his Disciples, Men who in his Life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his Salvation, them who shall beleeve
Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe
Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.
All Nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines
Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons
Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the aire
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
Through all his realme, & there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick & dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receave them into bliss,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.
So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,
As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire

Replete

Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.
O goodneſs infinite, goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Then that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs! full of doubt I ſtand,
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By mee done and occaſiond, or rejoyce
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall
To God more glory, more good will to Men (ſpring,
From God, and over wrauth grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
Muſt reaſcend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth; who then ſhall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deale
Worſ with his followers then with him they dealt?
Be ſure they will, ſaid th' Angel; but from Heav'n
Hee to his own a Comforter will ſend,
The promiſe of the Father, who ſhall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
Working through love, upon thir hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth, and alſo arme
With ſpiritual Armour, able to reſiſt
Satans aſſaults, and quench his fierie darts,
What Man can do againſt them, not affraid,
Though to the death, againſt ſuch cruelties
With inward conſolations recompenc't,
And oft ſupported ſo as ſhall amaze
Thir proudeſt perſecuters: for the Spirit
Powrd firſt on his Apoſtles, whom he ſends
To evangelize the Nations, then on all
Baptiz'd,

Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each Nation to receave
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Thir doctrine and thir story written left,
They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To thir own vile advantages shall turne
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left onely in those written Records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places and titles, and with these to joine
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promisd alike and giv'n
To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde
His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
Thir own Faith not another's: for on Earth
Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavie persecution shall arise

On

On all who in the worthip perſevere
Of Spirit and Truth; the reſt, far greater part,
Will deem in outward Rites and ſpecious formes
Religion ſatisfi'd; Truth ſhall retire
Beſtuck with ſlandrous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found: ſo ſhall the World go on
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
Under her own waight groaning, till the day
Appeer of reſpiration to the juſt,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him ſo lately promis'd to thy aid,
The Womans ſeed, obſcurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Laſt in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
In glorie of the Father, to diſſolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endleſs date
Founded in Righteouſneſs and Peace and Love,
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliſs.
He ended; and thus *Adam* laſt reply'd.
How ſoon hath thy prediction, Seer bleſt,
Meaſur'd this tranſient World, the Race of time,
Till time ſtand fixt; beyond is all abyſs,
Eternitie, whoſe end no eye can reach.
Greatly inſtructed I ſhall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of Knowledge, what this veſſel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aſpire.
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is beſt,
And love with feat the onely God, to walk
As in his preſence, ever to obſerve

His Providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake
Is fortitude to highest victorie,
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.
To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd:
This having learnt, thou hast attaind the summe
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
Thou knewst by name, and all th' Ethereal Powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee happier farr.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence: and see the Guards,
By me encampt on yonder Hill, expect
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken *Eve*;
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd

Portending

Portending good, and all her ſpirits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard,
Cheifly what may concern her Faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come
(For by the Womans ſeed) on all Mankind,
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
Both in one Faith unanimous, though ſad,
With cauſe for evils paſt, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.
He ended, and they both deſcend the Hill;
Deſcended *Adam* to the Bower where *Eve*
Lay ſleeping ran before, but found her wak't;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receav'd.
Whence thou returnſt, & whither wentſt, I know;
For God is alſo in ſleep, and Dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and hearts diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh't hence.
This further conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,
Such favour I unworthie am vouchſaft,
By me the Promis'd Seed ſhall all reſtore.
So ſpake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch Angel ſtood, and from the other Hill
To thir fixt Station, all in bright array

The

The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding Meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist
Ris'n from a River o'er the Marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc't,
The brandisht sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine; then disappeer'd.
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happie seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:
Some natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon
The World was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow
Through *Eden* took their solitarie way.

THE END.